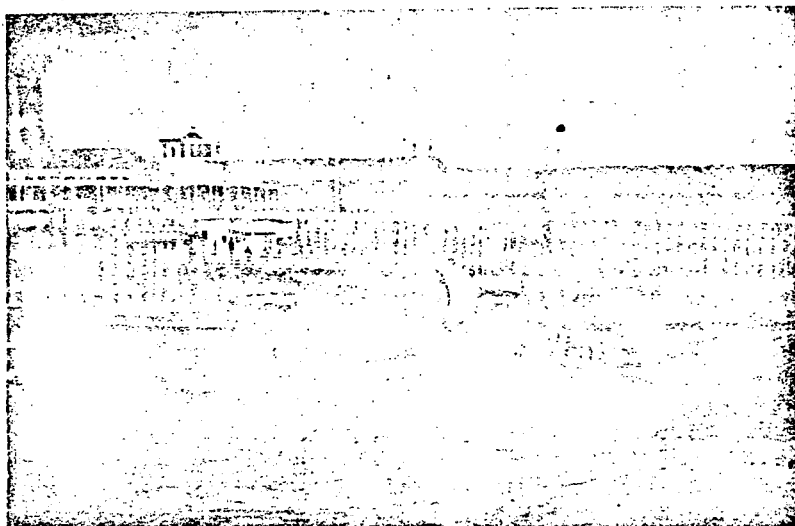


Official Journal of the National Brotherhood Electrical Workers of America.

VOL. 8, No. 12.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY, 1899.

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Just before starting; foot of Clay St. Wharf.

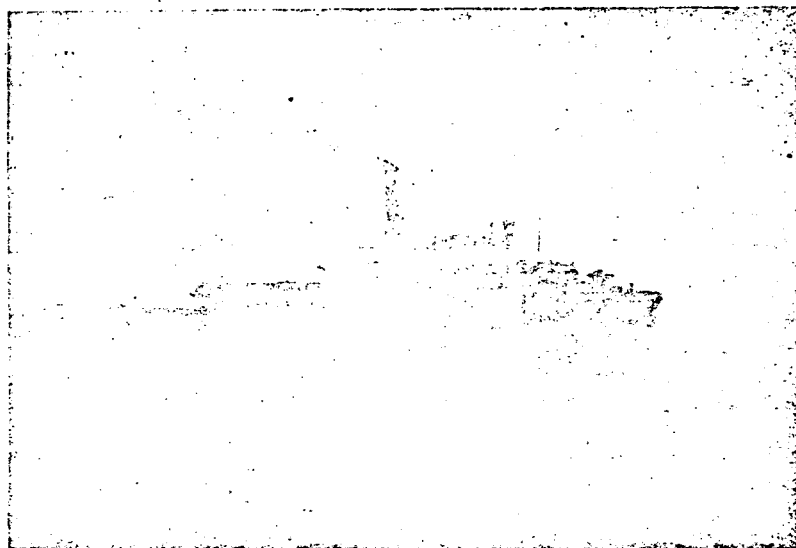
Laying the Cable.

San Francisco, June 23, 1899.

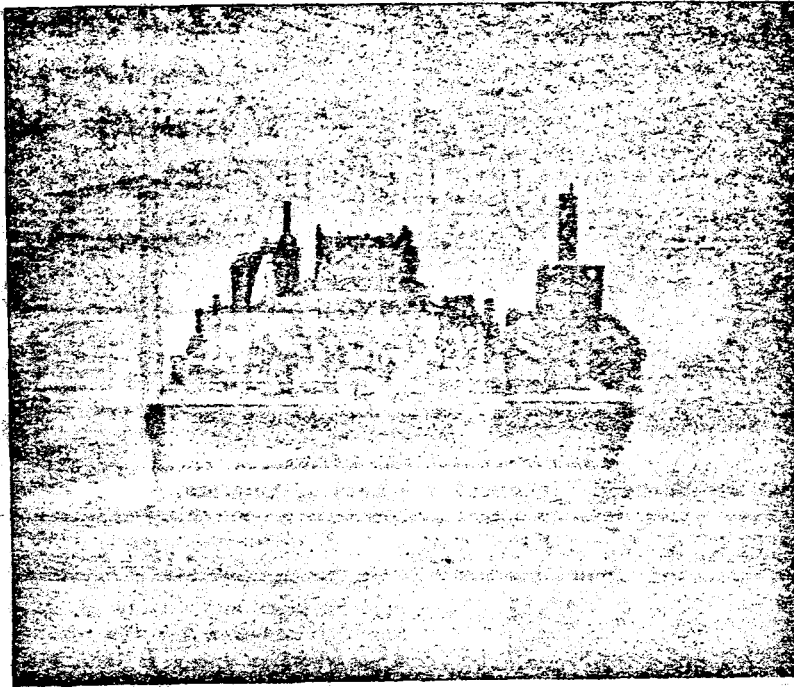
Editor Electrical Worker:

I have volunteered to contribute to your most worthy paper for the month of July, and am really in a quandary as to what to say. I have read the numerous contributions from the different locals with much interest, and trust that this will prove as interesting as those of my co-workers. I have often read and heard of our great Atlantic submarine cable, and about the extensive preparations that are undergoing preparatory to its laying in the briny, but San Francisco has a cable job which will live long in the annals of submarine cable history. It was my first experience, and it is with inmost pleasure that I submit the following: On the morning of the 11th instant Engineer A. F. Styce, of the Sunset Telephone and Telegraph Co., and Foreman William Jefferies, Electrician

Fred Springer and a corps of seventeen line and cablemen left the foot of Clay street wharf at 7:10 a. m., and at exactly 7:30 the end of a heavy 10-pair heavily-armored cable lay on the rocky shore of Goat Island, a distance of two miles from our starting point. It took about 25 minutes for Mr. Springer to test out the new cable and disconnect the old one. He was ably assisted by Mr. Harry Levy, who was stationed at the San Francisco end, and then the return trip was begun, which consumed about two and one-half hours time, which seemed slow, and the creaking of the engine and the reel made things tiresome; but upon inquiry I found that the time was remarkable. Mr. Jefferies stated that owing to the conditions of the bay, coupled with the old age of the cable, the time was unexcelled during his long experiences in that line. Since the time of my writing the old cable has been repaired, relaid, and is now doing service.



In the act of laying the Cable, about one mile from starting place.



Returning from Goat Island, taking up old Cable.

Enclosed you will find three views of the work above mentioned, showing you the way we do things in California. Messrs. Springer and Levy kindly contributed them, and I earnestly hope, Mr. Editor, that they will receive your earnest consideration, also that they will find a place in some conspicuous part of your issue. Due appreciation was shown to all who partook in the work on that memorable 11th. The Telephone Co. kindly invited the boys to a banquet, with no limit to the expense, and the mere thought of feasting in a dining hall where the smart set are wont to go dispelled that tired feeling and seemed to be about the best remedy for aches, pains and the grumbles ever prescribed. Mr. Jefferies, on finishing the job, notified the boys to appear in their best at a rendezvous which was at 216 Bush street, the telephone building. After a hasty consultation by Messrs. Styce, Jefferies, Wallen and Springer, the cavalcade moved onward and the transformation was surprising. No one, to see the natty dress and fast-colored ties would imagine that they were the same individuals who, but a few hours previous, had left Second street wharf besmeared by the choicest of muddy mud and lacerated by the ravenous barnacles from the rocky bottom of Frisco's bay. We at once repaired to one of the most prominent restaurateurs of the city, and through the kindness of Mr. Styce a private apartment, with covers for seventeen, was in readiness, with a string band of music to lend to the charm of this most brilliant affair; and I would venture to say, without the least hesitancy, that it was one of the most capital affairs ever held among electrical workers. I shall have

to omit the menu, as I have misplaced the card which contained the list of the many good things which we partook of (a la carte a la Francaise). Mr. Jefferies was delegated to do the serving, and he immediately repaired to the seat of honor, and the grand old man did nobly. Toasts followed with each disappearance of a course or an entree, they being so numerous I shall make mention of only a few: "Our President," Wm. Jefferies; "The Sunset Telephone and Telegraph Co.," Mr. Chas. Wallen; "The Ladies of S. F.," Mr. Fred Springer. "Electricity," Mr. A. F. Styce. "The Stars and Stripes" was sung by Mr. Harry Levy and everyone joined in the chorus, the band played "Home, Sweet Home," and after four hours of mirth and glee a hearty "Good night" went the rounds and all went their respective ways, mindful of their good treat and the true appreciation shown them for their labors. And in conclusion I wish to add that the boys were unanimous in their gratitude to the host of this most joyful affair, and it will long rest in the memories of one and all. I am,

Very respectfully yours,
A. E. Y.

Important Suggestions.

To Financial Secretaries:

Article 26, Sec. 5, of the constitution gives a brief outline of the duties of Fin. Sec., but any brother after serving in the office a short time will find if he wishes to do his duty, that there are other and important matters demanding his attention.

After serving my local in this capacity for almost two years, making many mistakes myself and seeing the mistakes of

others holding same office, I offer the following suggestions for the good of the union:

I quite frequently receive money from brothers for their dues between meetings. To prevent mistakes I always carry a stub receipt book and absolutely refuse to accept money unless the man paying it will take a receipt. Men who refuse or decline to take a receipt for money paid encourage slack business methods. Your Fin. Sec. is human and may honestly forget to give you credit for what you have paid.

The record of members with names and addresses is also difficult to keep up to date. Keeping everlastingly at it is the only remedy. The making out in duplicate of monthly report to the Grand Secretary would, to an expert accountant, be an easy job, but to the electrical worker who has given the best part of the day to work at his trade and whose knowledge of bookkeeping is probably limited, the amount of work necessary to make out a report for 100 members, more or less, assumes large proportions and is put (speaking about myself) off from day to day until a time comes when it can be no longer postponed.

To reduce the labor of making out this monthly report to the Grand Secretary we have adopted the following plan: For each member we have a rubber stamp containing his name and number. Twenty-four or enough Fin. Sec. report blanks for one year are at one time printed with these stamps. New names are added to all unused blanks as occasion requires. Transferred members are so marked.

The cost of these stamps is small and their use adds greatly to the appearance of your reports. The Fin. Sec.'s reports taken for one year should show for each member the exact date of payment of all dues made during the year. They should also correspond with your due card, with the local's books, and with the books of the Grand Secretary.

That due cards of members do not always correspond with the books of the Grand Secretary I have found upon making inquiry of Bro. Sherman in regard to the standing of members depositing traveling cards in this local. The cause of these discrepancies lays with the Fin. Sec. sending in incorrect reports or not sending in any at all.

As the initiation fee of No. 1 is \$35.00 and we strictly enforce Art. 14, Sec. 4, of constitution on all members coming to St. Louis, visiting brothers should know that they are in good standing.

I would like to ask all members a question and also tell you how members of No. 1 would answer.

How do you know you are in good standing at the grand office? The members of No. 1 compel their Fin. Sec. to post in a conspicuous place during the

hours of each meeting a duplicate copy of last Fin. Sec.'s report sent to the grand office. This report to bear the O. K.'s of the trustees and have attached the official receipt of the Grand Secretary, showing that money has been duly received at headquarters. By comparing their due books with "report" members can see how they or any other brother of the local stands at the grand office. While originally designed to prevent mistakes, the posting of this report gives all members a better understanding as to how things are run, supplying confidence where doubt existed.

Another source of frequent mistakes was in issuing the quarterly Building Trades Council working card. A written record of each card issued with the O. K. of at least one trustee, has effectually prevented mistakes in this case. B. T. C. working cards are only issued in person, during the hours of a regular meeting (unless brothers are out of city, when cards may be forwarded to them.)

To conduct a union which maintains a high wage scale with short hours (\$3.00 per day of 8 hours) requires considerable money and an unlimited amount of work. To illustrate I refer to our monthly expense account since January 1st, 1899. Jan., \$131.40; Feb., \$79.85; March, \$116.45; April, \$119.20; May, \$152.65; June, \$154.85. Total, \$754.40. Our dues are \$1.00 per month and we have about 80 members in good standing. Our income for the six months from this source was \$480.00, leaving a deficiency of \$274.40. Deeming it unwise to raise our dues above \$1.00 per month, the union, to preserve itself, was forced to raise its initiation fee—first to \$25.00 and then to \$35.00; and as the greater part of our expenses is incurred through our connection with the Building Trades Council, we made a charge of \$20.00 and now \$30.00 for first B. T. C. card issued to all members (except those paying \$35.00 initiation fee), although we issue, to all members in good standing, National Brotherhood working cards free of charge.

With this arrangement and strict attention of details we have been able to pull through the busy season with a slight gain in our treasury.

Hoping we may hear from others holding the same office, I remain,

Fraternally yours,

P. C. FISH,

Fin. Sec. Local No. 1,

National Brotherhood Electrical Workers of America.

Ideal Competition.

It is surprising how our socialist friends talk about this being a competitive system as if it really was a competitive system. I would like to ask Brother John how he would like to be compelled as one of 12

men to compete in a race on a hand car, with a modern engine running at 100 miles an hour. Does he call this competition? If he does, how would he like to be compelled to play in a game with his life at stake and the other fellow holding all the trump cards? Is this competition? If not, why do they say it is, when so manifestly unjust that it is no competition at all, yet it is what men contend with who have nothing but their labor to sell.

If, on the other hand, Brother John was one of 12 coal miners, and they had the same right and privilege to go to work that the coal mine owner has now to keep them out, and by their labor, through voluntary cooperation, they could each earn from \$6 to \$8 per day; does Brother John or any one else mean to tell me that he would work for any of his capitalist friends unless they paid them more than they could earn working for themselves? This is competition; it is fair and just.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

ALEX. VEITCH.

In Memoriam.

St. Joseph, Mo., July 1, 1899.

The following resolutions were adopted by Local Union No. 40, National Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, on the death of Brother John A. Webb:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to call from our midst our esteemed Brother John A. Webb, a member of our union and a worker at our trade; and

Whereas, We mourn the loss of one who while in life we held dear as a brother and as a friend, and while we can never more grasp his hand and meet his pleasant smile in this life, we can submit to Him who has called our brother's spirit to the life beyond the grave. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we, as a brotherly organization, pay tribute to his memory in these lines, as a character worthy of confidence, honor and justice, and that our union has sustained a sad and severe loss.

Resolved, That as a union we most humbly bow submissively to the will of an All-wise God.

Resolved, That we drape our charter for the period of thirty days as a token of respect; and be it further

Resolved, That we spread a copy of these resolutions on the minute book of Local No. 40, and that a copy be furnished our official organs, the Electrical Worker and the St. Joseph Union, for publication.

W. G. S. DORSEL,

W. T. WISE,

Committee.

Resolutions adopted by Local No. 37, of Hartford, Conn., June 30, on the death of Patrick Mahoney, killed June 10, 1899:

Whereas, It has pleased God, in His

infinite wisdom, to suddenly remove from our midst our newly-elected member, who while in the discharge of his regular duties received a current of twenty-four hundred volts; and

Whereas, This Local recognizes his loss to the Brotherhood, and feel sorely grieved that a fellow-workman, in the full vigor of his manhood, should be so suddenly and unexpectedly called from this life; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend to his family and friends our deepest sympathy in their sorrow and bereavement, and, while the brother was comparatively a stranger in our midst, yet those of his acquaintance speak of him as an open-hearted fellow, a competent workman and a good friend; therefore, be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and that they be spread upon the minutes of this Local.

Respectfully submitted,

F. J. SHEEHAN,

G. T. DENNIS,

F. M. DARMSTADT.

NOT MADE FOR LIVERIES.

New York Evening Journal Objects to Dressing Workmen in Monkeyfied Raiment.

This country is getting too much accustomed to dressing up workmen in more or less monkeyfied raiment. First it was the street sweepers in preposterous white garments, which make them ridiculous. We observe now all sorts of costumes for railroad employees. The New York Central road puts huge scarlet collars and long-tailed coats, suggestive of a comic opera, on men who carry packages in stations. In the theaters ushers are made to look idiotic in knee breeches and extravagant jackets.

The wearing of livery is undemocratic. It divides the population into classes, stamps men as servants, damages the idea of democracy.

No American should be called upon to wear a livery. If he wears any special clothing or badge, it should be a uniform and a mark of honor. The fireman wears his uniform with glory; it is an indication that, while making his living, he risks his life for his fellow men. The policeman, also, may feel proud of his uniform; likewise the soldier and sailor.

But the man compelled to work for a pitiful wage without honor or glory at a calling of which he is not proud, should not be dressed up like an organ-grinder's monkey, compelled to carry everywhere with him the sign of his station in life.

Every American should have the hope and the prospect of bettering himself. He should not be compelled at any time to wear the badge of an unsuccessful class.

The attempt to compel the street sweepers to appear in their liveries is illegal in the first place, and in the second place, stupid. Let the men take off their hideous suits when they put down their brooms, and go about with their families as other men. They are hired to sweep streets, not to parade in order to tickle official vanity.



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 its value as an advertising medium can be readily
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ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY, 1899.

W. N. Gates, Special Advertising Agent,
 29 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, O.



SPINNING PRINT, ROCHESTER.

OUR CLEVELAND VISIT.

On the morning of June 21st we received a telegram to come to Cleveland, O.; took the midnight train out of here and landed safe and sound in Cleveland next morning. There we were met by some of the good members of Local 38, which is a mixed local, composed of linemen, inside wiremen and armature winders. This local has been one of our most progressive ones, working on that grand principle, "An injury to one is the concern of all," never stopping to think whether a man worked out or inside of a building. There was a large number of linemen in Cleveland who thought they should have a local composed of linemen only. At first it was hard to convince some of the good brothers that this was for the best interest of our Brotherhood, but after the matter was thoroughly discussed it turned out all right, and at a meeting held Saturday night by Local 38 a committee of five was appointed to visit a body of seventy-five linemen who had formed a local, pending the decision of No. 38, and to the credit of these men, they did not dilly-dally, but took up the

proposition made, and now Cleveland has two good, strong locals, that are a credit to the Brotherhood; and may they meet with success is our heartfelt wish.

THE ROBERT WRIGHT FUND.

On June 12th we sent the sum of \$144.32 to our unfortunate brother, who has started in business. You will agree with me this is hardly enough to make the business a success. We should have at least one hundred dollars more. This is but a small sum to raise where there are so many men. Let some one man appoint himself a committee of one to solicit funds for Brother Wright, and let's get the one hundred dollars.

Sent to R. G. Wright June 12... \$144 32

Since Received, Local 17... 15 00

" " " 12... 3 00

" " " 55... 2 30

" " " 46... 5 00

" " " 61... 5 00

\$ 30 30

Sent... \$144 32

On hand... 30 30

RUSSELL SAGE thinks it "an honor to die rich." That depends upon how the riches are acquired. If one's wealth consists of what he has received of the labor of others in fair exchange for his own labor, it is an honor for him to die rich. For in that case his wealth testifies to the lavishness with which he has added to the world's comfort and enjoyment. But if one's wealth testifies to the poverty he has made for others, then it is no honor for him to die rich.—Peoria Gazette.

A man may die rich, but when the last breath leaves his body he is as poor as the humblest pauper that ever lived. He may lie in state to be viewed by a sympathetic nation or friends; they may build long, towering monuments to his memory, but the fact remains that he is on a level with the pauper just the same. How many men have accumulated fortunes from the very heart's blood of the suffering poor? When they pass over the great divide they are soon forgotten. While we remember some of our fellow men for the good they have done, we can only think of these as money grabbers, as bears and bulls of Wall street, who control everything we eat or wear. There is an old adage and as true as it is old:

"You may be dead in your grave, with fifty years to back it,
 But hunt the bones among the stones, who can tell which wore the ragged jacket."

From "Old Crip."

Raton, N. Mex., July 5, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

'Tis with a grateful heart I send in this, my monthly letter to our Journal. Although I cannot enjoy any pleasures of this life, yet my heart has been made much

lighter by the Brotherly manner in which some of the locals and some of the individual members have donated money and put forth efforts to help me in response to the numerous appeals made in my behalf. Some two weeks ago Bro. H. W. Sherman sent me \$144.32, the amount he received up to that time and to say that I was happy is putting it mildly. I now have a little stock of tobacco, etc., in my stand, and although another hundred dollars worth of goods added to what I have would make the stand pay nicely; still I am truly thankful for what I have, and trust that I shall receive more in the near future. I also received two dollars and fifty cents from Local 23 of St. Paul and five dollars more from the Bros. of Local 22 at Omaha. I feel very thankful to all who have so kindly helped me from time to time since I have been in this unfortunate condition. I shall hope to live long enough to meet and shake the hand of every member of this Brotherhood. I wish to thank Bro. Eugene Rush, of Local 6, and Bro. Albert Uhl, of Local 65, for their liberal contributions. I feel very much indebted to every one who helped me either in word or deed. I will try to send something to buy Bro. Harvey Burnett a pair of artificial limbs, and hope that the unfortunate brother will soon have enough to purchase them. I certainly know how to sympathize with any one that is afflicted. Say, "Uncle Tom," you are almost as homely as I am, but then you have a good heart in you that I think will make up for your homeliness. With best wishes for all I will close for this month.

Fraternally,

ROBERT G. WRIGHT.

Sweating in New York.

General Secretary Henry White was before the national industrial commission in Washington. Mr. White said to the reporter of his trip in part:

"I told the commission that New York's were the best factory laws in the United States. I told them, further, that the best class of custom made clothing is made under the worst sweating conditions. A suit of clothes to cost the wearer \$75 will be sent to one of these sweating shops from the handsome store in Fifth avenue, and a man, wife and child will work on it for a week, 14 or 16 hours a day, and will get \$12 for it.

"The best stores in Fifth avenue send their goods to these sweating shops. Many of them have small shops in the rear of their stores, where they say their work is done, but really a very small part of it is done there. Some of these tailors did their work in their own shops, but gradually the cheaper prices attracted them to sweatshops.

"The finest made custom clothing in New York is more apt to be made in the sweatshops than the cheaper grades."—New York Journal.

OUR LOCALS.

Local Union No. 3.

St. Louis, Mo., July 7, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

In making my debut as a Press Secretary I cannot help but think the boys made a miserable selection. As a talker I am no good and as a writer I am worthless. The last statement, however, is useless, as the readers of the Worker will shortly find out. Misery loves company and my one consoling thought is that perhaps other press secretaries are entering upon their duties with as much trepidation as myself. Nevertheless, my best effort will be put forth and my true sentiments expressed, in the hope that my fellow members of No. 3, will in a measure be reconciled to the mistake they made in electing me to the office I find it so difficult to fill. Apologies, however, are useless; what is wanted is a letter.

Aside from the election of officers there is very little news. The growth of our union is slow but we only hope its slowness is typical of its surety. In a city this size, where linemen number in the hundreds, our local should be a most flourishing one. The low membership dates from the time we lost our strike less than one year ago. This failure seems to have discouraged the boys to such an extent that they abandoned the union and left it to a brave hearted few and for these few there should be only words of the warmest commendation. But it is not to these few we wish to speak; it is to those who, by their actions, seem to intend to allow that one failure to influence them to entirely desert the union. To them we would say this: Take heart from the numerous victories we read of daily. By them we see that when labor is properly organized, success is in every instance assured. Capital, we know, never becomes discouraged. Take a lesson then from our enemy, and resolve that the victors in our last struggle will some day be the vanquished. To accomplish this we need these men, must have them, but how are we going to do it?

For months and months we have tried with the same discouraging result. They are good men. Men who could help make our union what it should be, one to be respected and feared. Can any brother propose a plan or suggest an idea that will help No. 3 to get these refractory members into line? Any such advice will be gratefully received. We have still another class with which to deal, who are really worse than the former. We refer to those who, without a particle of union principle in their hearts, apply for admission to our organization simply because they intend

going to some town where the union is recognized and where they must have a card. Such men cannot strengthen our organization. We don't want them, and won't have them, for they would be more of a detriment to us with a card than without one.

We had one such application last month and I am glad to say it was promptly turned down. So much for this subject. It's rather a painful one at best and I am sorry that such men are in the ranks of any organized body.

The work here is rather slack; neither of the Telephone Co.'s doing much. The Bell people intend starting some country work next week, but they will employ only a small force of linemen.

Last Thursday, the 29th, being election we had a very fair attendance. We were especially pleased to see one returned wanderer in the person of brother Ernest Leiter. Come again "Iky" and stay longer.

The following officers were elected:

President—Harry Lowdes.

Vice-President—Fred Davidson.

Fin. Sec.—Jack Orr.

Recording Sec.—Jack Read.

Press Sec.—Jack Read.

Inspector—Wm. Carey.

Very truly yours,

JACK READ,

Press Secretary.

Local Union No. 4.

New Orleans, June 10, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

I will try and pen you a few lines to let you know how business is here with us, as I know there are a great many of the brothers who have been here the past winter who would like to hear something of old New Orleans, also of No. 4. Well, brothers, you can talk about your hot countries in June; we don't begin to touch New York city in heat. Why it is just like spring here. I don't think the thermometer has been much over eighty-five in the shade and you can feel a cool breeze all the time. Well, I am happy to say that No. 4 is once more on her good old feet again, a little stealing from our treasury does not worry us very much for we have got a little laid away for a rainy day and we initiate from one to half a dozen every meeting night. I tell you the boys are getting a hump on themselves to come into the local.

We have two members on the accident list, Bro. Wm. Jackson, who received a bad shock from an A. C. wire and was terribly burnt, but thank God he is on the fair road to recovery, though it will be a long time before he will be able to work. Bro. Louis Voltz had his leg broken in a game of base ball while trying to make one of King Kelly's famous slides. He is out on crutches now and doing first rate.

If any of the Brothers meet Brother W. Morris just ask him how many times he missed his train between here and New York. Everything is booming down this way. While I think of it I will try and give the description of Ed. Andrews. Age, about 32, or 33; height about five feet 9 or 10 inches; light complexion, sandy hair, face smooth shaven; wears his hair pompadour style; has a roman nose; weighs about 165 or 170 pounds; large, square shoulders. Now Mr. C. Potter, I am going to show you that the press secretary is not such a big coward as you would like to have people believe, so I will break away for this time and will sign my name in big letters.

Fraternally,

FRANK DIDISH,

432 South Derbigny St.,

New Orleans, La.

Local Union No. 5.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 8, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

Another month has rolled around and many things of interest and profit have come under our observation, and also many of displeasure; but we always try to take a conservative view of everything, as every day of our lives is a leaf in our history and because life is made up of many checkered scenes which all add to our existence, and if we but study the good that may be accomplished, although disappointments come, if we gain this amount of knowledge our lives are not blanks; and the world at large will be in a more harmonious attitude for our having understood how to adjust ourselves without murmurings to the stern realities of life. We are then in the possession of the essence of all—our whole existence. Although there are times when certain conditions arise we are compelled of necessity from the standpoint of principle and honor to administer rebuke as a duty, which it is, although unpleasant, it is an imparative one. Humanity has one failing, that of creating trouble for itself, and were it not for the law that regulates and controls it there would be chaos beyond description. We must be sure we are right, then all trouble will cease. There is no excuse for not being a man and this means volumes, but is easy to attain; anything short of it will not command the respect of even the meanest coward, because the very lowest of humanity respects principle in any form in those who are able to show that they are worthy; not groveling worms or pilfering pirates, or murderous brigands.

The all organized labor benefit week closed in a very successful manner. It was a decided success financially as well as socially, and on account of same the contract has been formed for next year for a similar venture, as nowhere is it possible in this country to bring together so great a

variety of workmen with a single purpose. The entire week passed off without any lawlessness or rowdiness, which newspapers generally attribute to the laboring men but which are always backed by an unknown hand that stimulates for the overthrow of the moving power of the world—labor. All demonstration was of a high, respectable order and reflects great credit on the leaders and those in the role of members of humbler station. It shows that labor can furnish a citizen as respectable as any one dare be.

We are still cutting into our circuit new lights at each meeting, all full C. P., maximum voltage of \$10.00 and now with the compact formed between the National Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Local Union No. 5, and Association of Electrical contractors, everything bids fair for success. There is a demand for men at \$2.50 per day, but will advise any trotters steering for this locality that we don't want them unless they come square on the books and have with them what they ought to have in the line of cards, etc., or we will make it pretty hot for them. We don't want any more would-be "hard-luck tales," because they won't work; we've been worked but—and when you strike the town don't stay away from the meetings three or four weeks unless you are a grand officer and then, of course, that's all right. This will help the organization along in the line of harmony you know.

A strange accident happened the other evening. The insignificant press secretary of No. 5 has miserably soft soaped his eyes and ears full of it. Now he wishes to inform all who are concerned that Pittsburg is a large manufacturing center, and that it is well supplied with soap factories, Walker's factory being one of the largest. Of course we do not object to its use but it's the kind. We do not need soft soap, it's too cheap. It makes us think of jaded street car horses. If we must be soaped let's have it in a different way. No more of this grade in this vicinity. Eastern agents importing for sale such truck do not attempt any skin game on us as we are able to paddle our own ship in any old kind of a storm, so look out for the Cap'n. Don't give us any back slack either, or we'll air you up. So take your dose, here's the spoon, its bitter, but it ought to cure you. They say one dose is generally sufficient. This is the time when you want to get wise. It's only what you deserve. We're giving this straight from the shoulder and we have nothing to be ashamed of or makes us afraid. We can look back over our past history as a local, one of hard work, and stand ready to defend it on the line of honesty, independent of any, with a solid line for the principle of that which is right, always.

Pittsburg (to the outside world, O how big they feel) don't amount to so much, but

we are one anyway, and will always give our speed, of course. We have our own methods and customs and prefer to follow them and always when a guest is invited to partake of our hospitality, we are willing to shoulder the work and do not wish to be relieved or have taken or tried to take from us our allotted task, as we see it, after letters have passed between the two bodies, National officers and Local Union No. 5.

Pittsburg has been making preparation for the convention. The committee has been working on a souvenir program, etc., but it seems that work has been done over our heads without consultation with us. Now the officers know just exactly what I mean, and we want the matter fixed up as soon as possible, as it has caused considerable dissatisfaction. The longer the worse. We are following our usual custom in this respect and do not understand why the National officers can take out of our hands business that properly belongs to us and allow a foreigner to come in and walk all over us as he tried to do. We've got cool heads but we're a little hot under the collar and ask that this matter be attended to at once. We are no better than anybody else, but we are just as good as anyone, and what we are after is a fair and square deal. We are not blaming anyone, but the duty of our National officers is to look into this matter that now disturbs us.

Brother Albert Eldridge has withdrawn and joined the contractors' association. May he have abundant success and show the same zeal he manifested in Local No. 5.

Brothers Campbell and Richard Bevington left for Cambridge, Ohio.

We are sorry that one of our National officers was unable to be present and speak during the show for All Organized Labor's benefit. Our new officers were installed and the service was very impressive. We trust this term will go forward and advance as did the last term which was the turning point in conditions and was handled in a satisfactory manner. There were many hard obstacles to overcome, but today we stand on the mountain peak of success and all that is necessary is to help the good work go on.

The following officers were elected:

Pres.—John Ecoff.

Vice-Pres.—W. A. Pulliam.

Rec. Sec.—Frank Lunney.

Fin. Sec.—F. G. Randolph.

Treas.—Wm. Evans.

Trustee—Robert Brogan.

First Inspector—F. D. Malone.

Second Inspector—R. L. Bruce.

Foreman—Henry Entran.

Press Secretary—J. H. Stouffer.

Ass't. Rec. Secy.—George Rudolph.

Ass't. Fin. Secy.—B. W. Stouffer.

Labor League Delegates—F. D. Malone, R. L. Bruce.

As much depends on the faithful dis-

charge of the duties of an officer, we look for much from them, and may success crown their efforts.

I had better close for this time, because some may say that I have a hot journal, but it's only me.

Fraternally yours,

J. H. STOFFER.

Local Union No. 9.

Chicago, Ill., July 6, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

As the time for election of officers has come and gone I will tell who they are, seeing nobody objects:

Pres.—H. Cullen.

Vice-Pres.—H. L. O'Neill.

Rec. Sec.—J. E. Poling.

Fin. Sec.—J. Driscoll.

Foreman—E. Collins.

Inspectors—F. Jolly, M. White.

Trustee—J. O'Rourke.

Press Sec.—J. E. Poling.

Chicago is not the liveliest town on earth just at present but everybody appears to be at work and there is enough work in sight to last until fall. The Chi. City Ry. has again invaded the down town district with overhead trolley, temporarily, until they can repair their engines that pull the cable. The permit was issued for ninety days, at which time they are to take all wires and poles down. If the mayor makes them comply with the rules of their permit as he did once before, it will make more work.

The north division of the Commonwealth Light Co. had a man killed on the night of the 23d; his name was E. Moody and he did not belong to the union. As near as can be learned he was climbing a pole on which two heavy alternating wires were dead-ended with backers. One of them had got alive by the insulator leaking and the other backer laid against an iron pole. He caught both backers at the same time and was killed almost instantly. Now brothers, we are having warnings of this kind quite frequently of late; it may be your turn next. It only costs a few dimes each week to be insured and if you die without first deciding to die your little ones will have enough to keep them alive until their mamma gets married again and will also provide whiskey for your wake. But, casting jokes aside, it is a duty we all owe our families to provide for them in the future as well as the present.

The National Convention is an event that now begins to interest us and, while I heartily agree with some of the brother P. S.'s who favor the re-election of some of our Grand officers, unlike some of them, I believe in the re-election of all of them. The choice of Grand President would be unanimous if all local unions could have had the strength and support of the present one as No. 9 has had since he has come here. Our membership has very nearly

doubled and we are the richer by one union job with a two-year contract. The army that has an incompetent leader is as bad as the army with incompetent fighters, so when you come to elect your delegate to the convention instruct him how to act, as the action of the delegate is the action of the L. U. he represents, and have him instructed to vote for men who will exert every effort for the betterment of the National Brotherhood and not to the recounting of personal grievances. If we have any grievance let it be because we are not getting enough money or are working too long hours, not because we do not like somebody.

It has always been my desire to see anybody succeed in any business or any other undertaking they might go into, but I am afraid my friend who is floating the stock of the Nicko Teso Hot Air Co. will make a failure, not because he has not the business talent nor because he is not in an honorable business enterprise, but simply because his source of supply may fall short. I can cite at least two famous instances—the natural gas of Indiana and the crude oil of Ohio, which are both falling far short of expectations—but should the brother deem it advisable to take my advice and run a relay pipe to 83 Madison st., Chicago, and provide storage tanks to save the superfluous amount of hot air created, we can create enough stock to run him for at least a month in about seventeen minutes. Talk about cussing and discussing, that's us. Parliamentary rules fail to govern us for there are not enough of them. Bro. O'Malley, who is quite a parliamentarian (and who also gets to lodge about once a month), said if that man parliamentary ever heard some of the discussions that were held here he would turn over in his grave.

We have had a great deal of sickness here the past winter but have not very much at present. Bro. C. B. Baldwin has been confined to his bed for the past four months, suffering from an operation for some kind of kidney trouble, but we hope to have him around before long. Bro. Fanning is still laid up with rheumatism. Bro. Peter Boyle is laid up with something, possibly a broken heart, as we are given to understand his best lady friend quit him cold a few weeks ago, but as there has been no doctor's certificate presented, I can't say just what the trouble is.

As I have told most everything I know and some things I don't know, I will grind up my razor in case any of my friends call, and promise to give better satisfaction next time.

J. E. POLING,
Press Secretary.

Local Union No. 10.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 5, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

As I am a little late with my letter you

will not expect much from me this time. We had only one new light to join to our circuit last meeting but are expecting more this month, as the boys are coming in here pretty regularly and as soon as they come in we find a place for them if they are O. K. If not, they have to let go of that \$10 before they can do business.

Brothers, I think the laboring class of this city has come to the conclusion to stand by one another or fall, in our business especially, and this is the reason we are carrying our own on so successfully and if every union would hustle and stand up for their rights I think that before long, if old No. 10 does as it has been for the last six months, there will not be a better union city for the electrical workers than Indianapolis.

Yours respectfully,
OTTO SWISHER,
Press Secretary.

Local Union No. 17.

Detroit, Mich., July 8, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

I will once more apprise the brothers of the welfare of this branch of the electrical brotherhood. I was not elected Press Sec. for this term. Bro. Frank Snyder has the honor of that office, but as the time was so short before publication, he asked me to write this letter, and as it is pretty hard to refuse Bro. Snyder anything, I consented.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing six months:

Pres.—Richard Scanlon.
Vice-Pres.—T. Nevitt.
Fin. Sec.—Thos. Forbes.
Rec. Sec.—Geo. Brown.
Press Sec.—Frank Snyder.
Foreman—Wm. Hogarth.
Inspector—Bro. Hoffman.
Outer Guard—Bro. Liberty.

These are the very flower of No. 17, so we can confidently look forward to six months of able management of affairs in our local, and renewed zeal for our noble cause.

Bro. M. Conine, who was so badly hurt by a pole breaking with him, is mending rapidly we are happy to state. Bro. Wm. Dort, who has been so desparately sick, is also recovering rapidly. These two brothers certainly did not miss the pearly gates very far. Congratulations Mose and Billy.

Bro. Frank Hughes, formerly of No. 17, and now a member of 38, was in Detroit to spend the fourth and he reports that Cleveland has a splendid lot of union electrical workers. He said, in fact, they have a cinch. I had heard before that there was no use for a non-unionist to look for work from the company where Bro. Hughes is boss, for he will absolutely refuse anyone not having a paid up card. That is living up to union principles. We were awfully sorry to lose Bro. Hughes, but what is No. 17's loss is No. 38's gain.

We are more than pleased with the glowing reports from No. 38, not only from members from there but also from the facile pen of their Press Sec., that ever droll Uncle Tom Wheeler, whose handsome picture adorned last month's Worker.

The inside wiremen seem to be waking up to the fact that there is a live union in this town, and Bro. Jenkins more than any other is the one who is pounding that fact into their thick heads. He is a hustler and if we had a lot more like him the wiring business would be on a higher plane than what it has been, not only for the men, but for the bosses as well. In fact the bosses would be benefited the most if anything, but we would not begrudge them that so long as their employees, our brothers, were being used square.

Here is that promised list of scabs. Paste the list in your minute book, each local. These first ones are the boot-lickers of the Bell strike. (Non-union) Harry House, Josh Saunders, Harry Saunders, John Vallier, Anthony Cress, Jos. Campau, Geo. Stone, Heck Dunbar, Geo. Lucas, Jack McGinnis, C. Post, Chas. Gilmore, Louis McFaggart, Mike Gogan, G. Pringle, S. Binkley, J. Eastland, B. McManus, A. Zoblowski and Ed. Lavally. The last named was a union man, and is now working for that other notorious scab, Wm. Burke, up north somewhere.

The following scabbed during the Detroit Telephone strike: (Non-union) H. McLaughlin, Harry Chartier, L. E. Clark, Wm. Dolman, C. Kressler, and two union men, Wm. Wright and Frank Pazak. I am sorry to see Pazak's name here for he acted pretty square during the trouble and I don't think he would have much trouble in squaring himself with the boys, but none of the rest can, you can bet on that with the last dollar that is down in the deep depths of your pocket. We want them to keep their distance, for the nose of a good union man has rights which these perambulating stink-tanks are bound to respect.

We are glad to see the unions chipping in to help Bro. Robert Wright. We raised \$15.00 for him the other night at the meeting, and W. Call and his gang from No. 17 out on State line in the country raised \$14.00, and I understand another gang out in the country from No. 17 raised several dollars, which will send the amount up to about \$40.00 from the boys in the jurisdiction of No. 17. We do earnestly hope the boys in all jurisdictions will respond nobly and quickly.

We commend our Grand Sec., Bro. Sherman's action, in making this appeal to the locals to raise at least \$250.00 to start Bro. Wright in a little business of his own. Union brothers all over the country, show your unionism now by helping this brother who is totally paralyzed

and who cannot raise his once strong and willing arm to help his hapless wife and helpless child. Think of his anxiety for them, and make up your mind that next meeting night you are going to urge the brothers in your local to pause a moment and think of the unhappy little family group down there in the southwest. Send your donation to Sec. Sherman and it will be acknowledged in the Worker the next issue.

We were highly pleased with the manner in which the Press Sec. of No. 37 of Hartford Conn., threw the gaffes into members who do not attend meetings. Those are our sentiments exactly, Bro. M. P. Sullivan, just as you gave them in last month's journal. Go after them some more. You are all right. Hartford is not the only town where some members think that as long as the officers and some of the others are there that there is no use of them going. I tell you, my brothers, there is use. No. 17 is now agitating the question of requiring our members to attend at least twice a month. That goes you one better, No. 37. I will say, however, that No. 17 has a pretty good body of attenders as a whole, and this new rule will be to catch the few delinquents, for we want all hands on deck regularly.

Since we have been organized and associated with other organizations I have noticed conditions improving, not only in our own craft, but in all well-organized crafts; the unions are educating the world to know that the old idea, which was to "buy labor in the cheapest market" is a doctrine that is inhuman and unjust. We are showing the aristocratic, resounding vacuums who preach that infernal doctrine that it don't work with us anymore. Organized labor is fighting for that eternal principle laid down in the scriptures that "the laborer is worthy of his hire." Organized labor and the labor papers that will not handle the Associated Press rot under any circumstances are showing to the world that the majority of these millionaires are crooked and that their only moral law is an eleventh commandment—"Don't get caught."

I cannot quit without saying a few words about the trusts that are being formed. Many people are getting alarmed at these mighty combinations of capital. There is a day of reckoning coming; the actions of these would-be rulers have served to remind the people how France got rid of royalty, and we will do the same. Never fear, it will take more than trusts to enslave this land our forefathers fought for. We have taught too many people to hate the trusts for us ever to be coerced by them, and if the time should ever come that these accursed robbers try to make Columbia bow, organized labor will be found first by her side with the naked sword.

DAN E. ELLSWORTH.

Local Union No. 18.

Kansas City, July 8, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

My! What a fine looking man my uncle is. Well, boys, I have not got very much to say this month, so I am going to make my letter very brief. Our strike is still on. Neither side will give an inch so far. Both parties to the strike say they are determined not to give up, so there you are, but I believe that No. 18 will win in the long run. You ought to see some of the so-called wiremen who are trying to do our work. Some of them look as though they just got loose from madama. They go out on a job with a high collar on, which puts me in mind of a white-washed fence around a lunatic asylum. One or two of them are so-called graduates from the University of Kansas. If they are the kind that are turned out as graduates I don't want any in mine, for, to tell the truth, they are frights. You ought to see them when they start out on a job. A dime museum is not in it. Does anyone at St. Louis know a man or one who claims to be a man by the name of Mathers. I have forgotten his given name. He claims St. Louis as his home. Well, he is up here scabbing. He says he is an ex-member of one of the locals of St. Louis, but would not say which one. This man? is about 5 feet 8 inches, dark complected, and looks like Page. Do you know him? If so, let me hear his history. He said he lost out on a strike in St. Louis.

Well! Well!! Well!!! If here is not No. 2 at last. I am glad to see you again in print Bro. C. H. A. So come along, keep up the good work now that you have started.

Bro. O'Brine, get after them, make them show up. We have some members at No. 18 who do not come to meetings once in six months. As Brother O'Brine says, a big crowd looks well at all times. So come along boys, show up at each and every meeting.

Well, boys, I promised to let you know in this letter about what we are trying to get here in K. C. We are trying to get an ordinance through the council, but I am in doubt about it going through. The engineer, contractor and city electrician are fighting it. Here is the ordinance:

ORDINANCE NO.

An ordinance to create a board of electrical examiners, to issue licenses for wiremen, dynamo tenders, and electricians; requiring permits to be obtained before doing certain kinds of electrical work, and providing penalties for the violation of the provisions hereof:

Sec. 1. Be it ordained by the common council of Kansas City, Missouri, that there be and is hereby created, a board of electrical examiners, to consist of the city electrician, who shall be ex-officio a member thereof, and two other members, to be

appointed by the mayor and confirmed by the upper house of the common council.

Sec. 2. Bond, etc. The members, appointed by the mayor shall each give bond to Kansas City, Missouri, in the sum of one thousand dollars (\$1,000.00) to be approved by the city comptroller, and conditioned for the faithful, technical and impartial performance of their duties as hereinafter provided, the form of which bond shall be approved by the city councillor.

Sec. 3. Qualification of members of board: The members of said board appointed by the mayor shall each have been a resident of Kansas City for at least immediately two (2) years preceding such appointment, and shall possess a practical and technical knowledge of electricity, and will be well versed in the rules of the National Electric Code, and they must at least have five (5) years experience in the operation or construction of electrical machinery and electrical apparatus for light, heat or power.

Sec. 4. Term of office. They shall hold their offices for a term of one (1) year and until their successors have been appointed and shall have qualified, provided, however, that the first appointees under this ordinance shall hold office until the third Monday in April, 1900, and until their successors shall have been appointed and shall have qualified. A majority of said board shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

Sec. 5. Compensation, etc. Each member of the said Board, other than city electrician, shall receive as compensation for his services the sum of Three Dollars (\$3.00) for each meeting of said board which he shall attend at which an applicant for license is examined. Salaries of said board shall be payable out of the expense department as other city employees are paid, but in no event shall any member receive more than one hundred and fifty dollars (\$150.00) per annum.

Sec. 6. City not liable for pay of board of electrical examiners. The compensation paid to the board of electrical examiners, shall each be paid out of the funds collected by said board, and for licenses issued to dynamo tenders, as herein provided for, and in no case or event shall the city be liable for compensation or any pay therefor, except so far as the money paid into the city treasury under this order shall be sufficient to pay said salaries herein provided to be paid.

Sec. 7. Selection of chairman of said board and secretary. Said board shall elect one of its members chairman of said board, and the city electrician, who shall be ex-officio secretary of said board shall keep a record of all meetings and proceedings of said board.

Sec. 8. Meeting of board. Said board shall meet once a week, and if there be applicants to be examined for licenses,

special meetings may be called by the chairman at any time, upon three (3) days written notice to the other members of the board of such meeting.

Sec. 9. Duties of electrical examiners. Upon written application to the board of electrical examiners, accompanied by a receipt of payment of Five Dollars (\$5.00) for each original license by any person for a license as wireman, dynamo tender or electrician, it shall be the duty of the secretary of said board to notify said applicant in writing of the time and place of their next regular or special meeting, and they shall examine into the qualifications of such applicants, examining each applicant for license in the order in which application for license has been made. If the applicant shall pass such examination successfully, he shall be granted a license upon payment of the fee as herein provided. If he shall fail to pass such examination he shall forfeit Three Dollars (\$3.00) of the five dollars (\$5.00) deposited. All licenses shall be signed by each member of the board, and shall be countersigned by the city comptroller, who shall keep a record of all fees collected on account of the same.

Sec. 10. Granting and renewing of licenses. The secretary of said board shall keep a register of the names of all applicants for license, designating those qualified and those not qualified. Each applicant for license who shall have successfully passed an examination before said board, and shall be found to have the capacity, skill and experience, and habits of sobriety requisite to perform the duties of an electrician shall receive a license from said board for the term of one (1) year; provided that no such license shall be issued until the applicant therefore shall produce and present to said board a receipt from the city treasurer for the sum of five dollars (\$5.00) which amount shall be the fee for each and every license except renewals thereof, and all fees received on account of permits issued by the city electrician as hereinafter provided, and it is hereby made the duty of the city treasurer to receive and receipt for all sums of money to him paid as in this chapter provided, said receipt shall state the amount by whom and for what paid, whether for original or renewed license or for certificate of inspection. Renewal of license will be granted to applicants upon payment of Two Dollars and fifty cents (\$2.50) if renewed on or before the next regular meeting of the board of electrical examiners after its expiration. Said board of electrical examiners shall examine all electrician's licenses presented by the owner thereof, granted him by the United States law, which shall have the same effect as licenses granted by the board, and the electricians whose licenses are examined by the board shall be subject to the provisions of this chapter. The board of electrical examiners may adopt

such rules and regulations as they shall deem proper, not inconsistent with this ordinance and the general law.

Sec. 11. Appeals from city electrician. Any owner or user of electrical apparatus feeling aggrieved on account of any decision of the city electrician, may appeal to the board of electrical examiners, and upon a thorough and careful investigation of the matter at issue between the parties, a majority of the board shall decide the question, which decision shall be final in all cases. But the city electrician shall not have a vote on any matter in which there is an appeal from his decision.

Sec. 12. Electric light and power plants. All electric light or power plants (whether central station or isolated plant) generating a current of ten (10) amperes or over, or having a potential of fifty (50) volts or over, shall at all times while in operation be in charge of a licensed dynamo tender or electrician. This section, however, does not apply to motors used solely for power.

Sec. 13. Interior electrical construction. All interior electrical construction work intended to be used for electric light, heat or power, and all electric gas lighting, and all electric bell work where any such wires cross or run within one foot of electric light, heat or power wires or apparatus, or repairs to or alterations of any such interior work, must be in charge of a licensed wireman or electrician, who shall be present at all times.

Sec. 14. Permits, how given. Before installing any electrical apparatus or devices, or wiring for electric light, heat or power, or for electric gas lighting, or for bell wires (where they are to be run within one foot of any wires, apparatus, or devices used for electric light, heat or power) and before any change is made in any class of the above described work, a written permit for such work shall first be obtained from the city electrician which shall be countersigned by the city controller, who shall keep a record of all fees received on account of the same. The charge for such permits shall be as follows: If the estimated cost for such work is one hundred dollars (\$100) or less, the sum of twenty-five cents (25 c.), and for each additional one hundred dollars (\$100) or fraction thereof, an additional sum of ten cents (10 c.).

Sec. 15. Qualifications for wiremen. Wiremen must have had at least three (3) years practical experience, must have an elementary knowledge of electricity, be capable of figuring size of wire required to deliver a certain current or voltage, at a given drop or loss to a specified point, be conversant with the rules of the National Electrical Code pertaining to wiring, be acquainted with dangers to life and property from improper insulation of wires, devices and apparatus, crosses, grounds and short circuits, and the manner and devices for reducing such dangers to a

minimum, must not be less than twenty-one (21) years of age and sober habits.

Sec. 16. Qualifications of dynamo tenders. Dynamo tenders must have at least three (3) years practical experience, must have a knowledge of the principle of the construction of dynamos, volt and ammetres and other protective devices generally used in dynamo rooms and on switchboards and the manner of connecting the same, must be capable of testing and discovering faults or defects in dynamos and other electrical apparatus and of correcting them. Must be conversant with the rules of the National Electrical Code, and must not be less than twenty-one (21) years of age.

Sec. 17. Qualifications of electricians. Electricians must possess qualifications of both wiremen and dynamo tenders, and in addition thereto must have a practical and technical knowledge of all electrical apparatus and devices in general use and the proper application and installation of same as required by the National Electric Code. They must not be less than twenty-one (21) years of age.

Sec. 18. Revocation of license. A full board of electrical examiners shall have power to revoke by unanimous vote any license granted by said board, for inebriety, dishonesty or neglect, of any holder thereof whenever they shall deem it necessary for public safety, but no license shall be permanently revoked for cause, without first giving the accused party an opportunity to be heard in his own defense.

Sec. 19. Penalties, fines, etc. No person shall perform the duties of electrician, dynamo tender, or wireman, within the limits of Kansas City, Missouri, without having a license therefor from the board of electrical examiners, and any person who shall perform or attempt to perform the said duties or any one of them without having such license, shall be fined not less than ten dollars (\$10) nor more than one hundred dollars (\$100).

Sec. 20. General penalties. Any person failing, neglecting or refusing to comply with any provision of this article shall, where no other penalty is provided, be fined not less than five dollars (\$5.00) nor more than (\$100).

Sec. 21. All ordinances or parts of ordinances that conflict with this ordinance, in so far as they conflict with this ordinance, are hereby repealed.

Now, why are the engineers fighting it? Because they think their wages will be cut if a dynamo tender is hired to look after dynamos. The engineers say that is their work or, in other words, they want to do two men's work for one man's pay. Why are the contractors fighting it? Because it would do away with those 15 cent men. Why is the city electrician fighting it? I don't know; do you? If so, please answer by return mail. I think we ought to be licensed as well as the engineer. They

have got to be licensed here in K. C. Now can anyone show me where they have any more responsible work than we have. I fail to see it; don't you?

Bro. Fish, I received your letter and copy of No. 1's by-laws, but I have not had the time to read them as yet. I am very glad to get them and to make your acquaintance. So shake hands, and may neither one of us let up on 15 cent men.

Bro. W. S. Rush, of Carthage, Mo., was in to see us and enjoy our smoker and ice water. Bro. Rush says the boys around Carthage, Joplin, and Carterville are going to start a local. That will be nice, eh uncle; also ye Editor? I know he likes that kind of news.

Now boys, in regard to Bro. Adams' proposal about a pair of artificial limbs. Help poor old Bro. Wright first. I can get along yet awhile. After you get him started, then if you feel as if you could help me all right. But help Bro. Wright, for he needs it more than I do, by a long, long ways. I can get out and hustle, but he can't. So boys, never mind me, but don't go back on poor Bro. Wright.

Well, I will close for this time. No I won't either. I almost forgot to give the names of our new officers. Here they are, as nice a lot of boys as you have ever met:

President—W. L. Hutchison.

Vice-Pres.—J. C. Underwood.

Rec. Sec.—J. T. Byers.

Fin. Sec.—J. T. Hopson.

Trustee—H. T. Waterous.

Foreman—Chas. Strong.

Inspectors—J. H. Rush, W. J. Davies.

Press Sec.—Your humble servant.

This is all, so I will close the line till next month.

HARVEY BURNETT,

Press Sec.

Local Union No. 19.

Atchison, Kansas, July 7, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

No. 19 is still alive and will continue to be so until further notice, even though some may think we cannot live without them. I want to start this little note by telling all that H. G. Wickersham, known as Grant, is no longer our R. S. or a brother either. If you are not acquainted with him maybe this will help you to recognize him. He is a long, lank, cadaverous looking cuss; looks as though he had lost the last friend he had on earth, and he has, as far as Atchison and the Brotherhood are concerned. He joined us here and was foreman for the Atch. Tel. Co. The Atch. Tel. Co. had only good union linemen until he commenced to run in snake hunters. These snake hunters crossed the A. R. L. & P. Co.'s lines up several times, came near killing a couple of linemen and trimmers and of course the boys did not like that so they got together and requested the Atch. Tel. Co. to keep snake hunters off of the poles. They agreed to and told

the boys that the foreman would have all the say. He could send anyone up or keep anyone down. In about two days, as I remember, snake hunters were climbing, and I have heard the foreman, "Grant," said he would let who he d—d pleased climb. So, brothers, if you get a chance, help him along. "You know how."

Well, I have done with this unpleasant job and will try and write something more pleasant. We received a communication from K. C. to help them all we could by not using any material from there, and it happened we needed some to do a job in a hurry, and our superintendent, Mr. J. A. Bendure, had been in the habit of buying in K. C., when our foreman, Bro. F. J. Roth, told him we needed the material and requested him not to buy in K. C., he immediately ordered from St. Louis and said he would do anything else he could to help us. I tell you, boys, that is the kind of superintendents we need all over the country. He is a business manager and all employees like him and will do anything for him.

Bro. A. J. Hicks, known as "Bob," went to the races the fourth. He got in some way; he had 10 cents. We don't know where he got it. He bet on the races and when he came home he had four zebolds. We know where he got them.

Bro. W. C. Welch, known as "Scottie," is now pushing the Atch. Tel. gang and he is true blue.

Bro. Bob Hicks has taken a position with the Bell Tel. Co. at an increase of \$20.00 per month more than the job ever paid before. Even the Bell Telephone Co. sees that it pays to have good men even though they do have to pay a little more for them.

We hear that our former Press Sec., Bro. Ed. J. Morris, nearly killed a fifteen foot alligator down south some time ago. He went in swimming, as we understand it, and the alligator nearly caught him. Will say in conclusion that any brother in good standing coming this way will be O. K. All others need not light.

Yours truly,

Press Sec. No. 19.

Local Union No. 22.

Omaha, Neb., July 7, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

Allow us from the Gate City of the west and also the Greater-American Exposition to say just a few words, because we want all the brothers far and wide to know that we are not dead by any means, if we have been silent through the columns of our official journal, but I can assure the boys of some kind of a letter every month hereafter. It may be short, but will send something anyway. In the words of Bro. Watters. No. 22 has had a balloon ascension this summer, and our former Press Sec. went up in the balloon and hasn't got

back yet, but we are looking for him every meeting night. Our Grand Sec. can tell you whether No. 22 has been doing any business or not. If he could show you all the checks he got from us, something between 90 and 100 dollars for the month of June. It is a very difficult trick to work in Omaha without a card at present. The exposition has opened and most of the boys are still working. The T. H. Electric Light is going to build to S. Omaha, in fact Bro. Brinkman has a gang on that work now. The Telephone Co. is doing considerable work now and it has been pretty hard for them to get men, but they are picking up a few now. Was glad to hear that Bros. McGuire, Currie and Maylon went to work in Chicago. They are all good men and we grieved very much to loose them, also Bro. Dad Bell, who went to Denver, but their feet got itchy I guess. Well boys, I guess I will close for this time so as to give Uncle Tom Wheeler more space. If this should be too late for this month's Worker throw it in the waste basket and tell me what time I must have my letter in so it will be printed, for I will get a roast sure. Goodbye.

Press Sec. No. 22.

Local Union No. 22.

Omaha, July 5, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

Our P. S. hasn't written for two or three months and is way behind with his dues and as he doesn't seem inclined to write for the next three months or more, I am just going to write and let the brothers know No. 22 is alive and flourishing.

There was a little trouble started this spring as to whether the Exposition was going to be a "scab" job or not, but the matter was adjusted, all the fellows from the grounds taken under our wing and now all is "Merry as a marriage bell."

Everybody here is looking for men, as the supply was exhausted long ago, therefore everybody is working. All companies here seem to want men at the same time. Just now the Exposition is a "fat" job and none of them want to quit there, but when the leaves begin to fall the most of them won't have to go far to get a job, for there is more work to do here than the Exposition Co. has got.

Come on, brothers, if you need a job, but be sure you can show a clean countenance and a paid up card when you tackle us, because we don't want any backsliders.

Fraternally yours,

W. C. G.

Local Union No. 23.

St. Paul, Minn., July 7, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

You have received no letter from No. 23 for some time past and as I was elected Press Sec. at our last meeting will en-

deavor to let the boys know that we are still in existence and have been taking in new members right along for the last three months and are all working, with good prospects ahead.

We have elected our officers for this term and all of them are old and tried members and as it is an entire change of officers we anticipate some great work from them. Following is the list of those elected:

Pres.—Geo. O'Brian.

V.-Pres.—A. H. Garrett.

Rec. Sec.—J. Kallahan.

F. Sec.—Geo. Shoemaker.

Foreman—J. A. Brooks.

Inspectors—E. W. Paterson and C. Messenger.

Trustee—Frank Volk.

Delegate Trade and Labor Assembly—Dan Maguire.

Press Sec.—Herbert Davis.

Work of every kind is fair here now but not as good as it ought to be. The Bell Co. is doing considerable work and the Miss. Valley is hiring men right along and expects to have its exchange in operation in a few months.

You will all probably remember the man's name that was elected Fin. Sec. of No. 4, New Orleans, and then decamped with a lot of money that did not belong to him. Well, there was a man here who answered that description but who represented himself to be a member of No. 17, and who had the nerve to tell some of the boys that he was coming to our meetings but for some cause or other he failed to appear. Then when we had heard of what he had done in N. O. we commenced to look out for him and there is no doubt that he is the right man. I don't know whether he is here now or not, as I heard he had left town and I do sincerely hope he has, for he is the kind of low, dirty skunks that we have to look out for—a smooth talker and one who can gain the confidence of anybody with whom he comes in contact. I hope that wherever he turns up the boys will turn him down in short order.

I am more than glad to hear of the boys winning out in Detroit and, I tell you, boys, that is the kind of work that counts, and I hope from the bottom of my heart that those four men who scabbed there will be out of a job the rest of their lives and will do all I can to keep them out.

On the 11th of June we gave our annual excursion in the form of a steamboat excursion down the Mississippi river and it is needless to state that we had a good time in every respect. Hoping that the editor can decipher this letter and also print it so the brothers can understand it, I am,

Faternally yours,

HERBERT DAVIS, P. S.

Local Union No. 27.

Baltimore, Md., July 8, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

We have been having "hot times" in our local since our last letter appeared in the Worker.

We won a fight against time by prosecuting the McCay Engineering Co. for working their men more than eight hours a day. They were working on the Mt. Royal pumping station of the Baltimore city water works, and there is a city law against working more than eight hours on city work. We had McCay arrested three times. Twice he was discharged, but the third time he was "soaked" for \$25.00 and costs.

We are looking for others in the same class, and keep our eyes peeled for anything we can find that will revert to the good of the local and the Brotherhood.

Since May 1st we have initiated nearly eighty men and they are coming in droves.

One night last month we gave fifteen dollars to a committee and empowered them to spend it for the "good of the union," stipulating that it must be in the way of refreshments. Cards were sent to all of the members, calling them out to a regular meeting, adding that refreshments would be served. It drew well and we had an unusual attendance. At the critical moment the chairman of the committee showed us the fifteen dollars and wanted to know what to do with it, as the committee could not decide what to buy. Some of the boys were sore, all were disappointed. It was hot, awful hot, and it did not take long to clear the hall after the boys got sight of that unspent fifteen.

Last month we suffered the loss of Bro. Antone Roach, lineman for the United Railways and Elec. Co. He was working on a tower wagon when a car struck it and threw him to the ground, causing injuries which resulted in his death. He had been initiated into our local the Monday night preceding the accident.

Yours fraternally,

Press Sec. No. 27.

Local Union No. 30.

Cincinnati, O., July 7, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

The following brothers were elected to fill the offices:

Pres.—Wm. Williams.

Vice-Pres.—J. Williams.

Rec. Sec.—Wm. Price.

Fin. Sec.—Geo. Hilderbrandt.

Press Sec.—Wm. P. Wheeler.

Treas.—Jos. Daly.

Foreman—Thos. Davis.

Inspector—Wm. Sidel.

No. 30 is still in the ring, all brothers working at present. Work is not very brisk at present. There are several jobs started in the railway line. They have started to do some grading on the Law-

renceburg and Aurora line and the Cincinnati, Newport and Covington people are surveying a line from Covington to Erlanger, seven miles. I will be able to give more information in my next letter concerning both roads. I will ring off, saying that all members of Local 30 are in pretty fair health.

Faternally yours,

WM. P. WHEELER,
P. S.

P. S.—The question box of local No. 30 will have to be patronized better or there will be a few fines to be paid by different brothers. I am in for one, although I will try and have a few questions at the next meeting.

Local Union No. 37.

Hartford, Conn., July 6, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

As this is my last letter to the Worker I will not say much, but leave the wants of the local in the future to the care of Bro. J. F. Sheehan, who, I know, will place them before the readers of the Worker in a much better way than I could ever hope to do. I would like to call the attention of the brothers, especially the new officers of the different locals, to the necessity of promptness in your business dealings. We have had several occasions where the brothers have been very lax, and it has in some cases put us to a great deal of inconvenience. Promptness is the first principle of success in any business and should be lived up to strictly by the different locals. Another thing I would like to call your attention to is the necessity of adhering to the Constitution. It was gotten up to be the guiding lines of this Order, and if we don't live up to it we cannot hope to do business with any degree of success. If it is not always in touch with what you think you should do, just make a note of it and hand it to your delegates to the next convention and they will take care of it. Another thing is the necessity of the brothers being thoroughly acquainted with the Constitution, and it should be read over carefully by every brother of the Order until he is familiar with it. We have made some mistakes in this local through ignorance, and sometimes it has been almost impossible to rectify them.

We held our election of officers last Tuesday evening, June 30. The officers for the ensuing term are as follows:

President—Maurice P. Sullivan.

Vice-Pres.—Frank McKernan.

Rec. Sec.—Alec Durie.

Fin. Sec.—John J. Tracy.

Treas.—Thomas F. Herbert.

Foreman—Allan McIsaac.

Inspector—Augustus Kinck.

Press Sec.—F. J. Sheehan.

Trustee—James Kelley.

I am compelled to announce the death of Patrick Mahoney, who was about to become a member of this local, and who was

killed by receiving a current of twenty-four hundred volts while working on a pole in this city. This should be a warning to every lineman who is a member of this union to never fall behind in his dues. Mahoney had been a member of two locals and had let himself go in arrears, and the consequence was he was ushered off when he was least prepared to relieve his family of expense. M. P. SULLIVAN, P. S.

Local Union No. 38.

Terre Haute, Ind., June 25, '99.

Editor Electrical Worker:

No doubt you will be surprised to hear from your uncle away down here in Indiana. He is somewhat surprised himself. Fact is, he came down here quite unexpected not only to himself, but to the people of Terre Haute. The people down here think I am Mark Hanna, and with the exception of a few office-seekers they all appear to be afraid of me. I arrived here several days ago, and with the exception of a couple of days spent with a farmer friend up in Vigo county, have been here ever since. I have been invited to address the Board of Trade, the Ministers' Association and a lot more institutions, but so far I have declined them all except an invitation to address the W. C. T. U. I gave these people a short talk last evening simply because I could not get out of it. I was introduced as the Hon. M. A. Hanna from Ohio, and spoke as follows: "Ladies of the W. C. T. U., it's a very great pleasure for me to be with you this evening. I can understand to a certain extent why you are permitted to occupy the earth jointly with mankind. You are all right. I believe in woman from the ground up. I feel confident that if there had been no women in the world up to the present time there would have been less men. If there had been more Eves and one less Adam in the garden of Eden the world would have been different. Woman has proved her usefulness in more ways than one. A woman can boss a job and get more work out of a tramp for a piece of sour pie and two hard fried-cakes than a man can get out of him for a dollar and a half. She is useful to society and the world when she is in her right place. Just at this time of the year her place is down by the seashore or up in the mountains. What you women need along about this time of year is a change of scenery, and I am persuaded that if more women would visit the seashore, get into the sea and stay there about 24 hours, the great social problem now confronting us would soon solve itself and stay solved. Woman has been the light of the world for eight or nine years. It was a woman who owned the cow that kicked over the lamp that burned up Chicago in 1871. The name of Lydia Pinkham and Mrs. Winslow (she of the soothing syrup) will shine on the pages of his-

tory long after most of us have been gathered to our fathers. There are many ways open to women in which she can be useful to her fellow-man. Not long ago a man up in Chicago made sausage of his wife, and although the enterprise did not prove remunerative, it shows up one of the many fields in which woman can be made useful. A woman has ruled on England's throne for many moons, notwithstanding a man was ready to take the job at any minute. Marie holds down the throne of Spain in great shape. Not many moons ago a woman jumped off the breakwater in Cleveland and broke her neck when she could have drowned herself with half the trouble, while still another woman was recently electrocuted in New York State for killing a sister woman. Ladies of the W. C. T. U., you should take more recreation; get away from your homes. Why, if some of you were my wife and you did not take yourselves to the mountains some time in June and stay there until the following May I would apply for a divorce on the ground of gross neglect of duty and cruelty to animals. Keep your own regulation clothes on and don't try to get into ours. We all like and respect you, and once in a while you'll find a chap that loves you. I am one of them chaps. All of you would like to vote; some of you do vote. Many more of you would do so if you did not have to tell your age when you registered. Now, this is a mistake. Don't be afraid people will think you over 18; it's no disgrace to be as much as 30. I have known women who were nearly 40 to retain the respect of their neighbors. It is said that an old woman is much better adapted by reason of her experience to bring up and care for a large family of children than a young woman without experience, and yet a young woman without experience is much more likely to produce a large family to bring up than the elder one who has had experience and knows a thing or two. You ask me, Is marriage a failure? Well, that depends how you go at it. It's a good deal like a business venture; if you pay strict attention to it you are quite apt to succeed. On the other hand, if you go gallivanting off to the park on the 4th of July, or chase around on your wheel to the butchers' picnic in August, things at home may get out of kilter; and if you keep it up, some day you will have a divorce, alimony, the care of the children and your maiden name. Then you will have to begin all over again, and may be with no better results. There are many ways for you people to get a man if you want one. If you can't find one at home, the foreign market is open, and there is no tariff on imported live stock of this kind. Some people prefer the imported article to one of home make. As to choice, you will have to use your own judgment; but remember this—it's better for you to

eat hoecake and bacon under the thatched roof of contentment and happiness, than to feast on bonbons and flapdoodles beneath the gilded dome of sham, hypocrisy and discontent. Ladies, I thank you for your attention and your sweet smiles; also for this beautiful floral offering. I am told it represents a horseshoe; may be it does, but I would not want to bet on it. But rather than argue and chew the rag over it, I'll admit it does look like a horseshoe, inasmuch as the horseshoe is the symbol of good luck. I take it that you wish me good luck in the political contest which I am up against in Ohio this fall. I want to say that I am very grateful, for unless I mistake the signs of the times, I shall need not only your floral horseshoe, but I shall need four iron horseshoes and a horse to land Judge Nash in the Governor's chair this fall. But I shall win, for up in Ohio I am the great I am. I am known as the great political mogul of the G. O. P. My word is law. The people have got to have Nash for Governor, and don't forget that. Jones won't be in it if I can bluff him out. What the people of Ohio and Indiana want and must have is one flag, one country, one party, myself, and one God. And now, in conclusion, let me say, I hope from the bottom of my heart that peace and happiness may attend you for the next four or five days, or at least until I get out of town." (Loud and continued applause, waving of handkerchiefs, fans and umbrellas.)

This address was delivered in the auditorium of the State Normal School building. Immediately after my address the Faculty of the school convened and conferred upon me the degree of D. A. M. P. H. GO. L.

I am putting up at the Terre Haute Tavern. It's the biggest tavern in town. I should say it's about 150 feet one way and 125 the other, and about ace high. It costs two and one-half plunks per day to stay in this tavern, and I am inclined to the opinion that the man who has lived here and never feed the hired men never got much feed himself. My room is No. 297. The first day I was here I climbed 14 flights of stairs 17 times to reach my room. I found later that I could ride up in the cage without paying for it. Since then I have spent several hours each day in the cage riding up and down to make up for the time I spent walking.

It's all-fired lonesome down here, as I ain't acquainted with any one. This p. m. I felt so low-spirited and sorrowful I strolled into the bar, allowing I could pound on the counter, call up the boys and get acquainted that way. I could do that down at Martin's or at the old National back in Cleveland and make a score of acquaintances in as many minutes; but it's no use down here; people mostly seem to be afraid. It makes me mad. But I swal-

lowed my wrath and a drink of Indiana whiskey that left a blazed road the whole length of my alimentary canal. I was very unhappy; so I went out into the auditorium of the tavern, sat down and pondered. I asked the young woman at the telephone how much it would cost me to talk to your aunt back in Cleveland. She said 'twould cost me \$1.97 for five minutes. I told her I was much obliged, but I guessed I'd not talk. I wanted to tell your aunt to look sharp for worms on the cabbage and mind the potato bugs. I got so lonesome after a while that I concluded to try fishing. So I procured \$2.50 worth of tackle and strolled forth thinking to catch a few trout for the tavern menu. I have never been quite pleased with the menu card of this hostillarity. Somehow the language don't fit my brogue. I can say ham and eggs, pork and beans, pie and cake all right and with no trouble, but when it comes to saying *comment vous portez* on toast or *Je ne sais quoi a la* chicken, or calves' liver *sauces-ceremonee*, I am compelled to give the colored man a quarter and say, "Give us some of this and a little of that, and some like what that feller over there has on his plate," etc., etc. Now, I thought if I could land a few trout for dinner I would be able to say, "Here, you black son of Ham, bring me some fish and tater, and be P. D. Q. about it." I thought I would feel more at home if I could talk that way at table. Well, as I said before, I went forth. I allow I am something of a fisherman, and I can truthfully say I have caught many a trout without the aid of a corkscrew. I think I remarked once before that I went forth to fish. As I strolled along the banks of the Wabash, famous in song and story, I sang, "Down on the banks of the Wabash" until I forgot all about the cares of life and for once gave myself up to pleasure of the G. Cleveland brand. When I came to a shady spot where I should say a fish ought to be, I slipped a nice plump two-year-old angle worm that I had brought with me onto my hook. I then sat still and waited. I remembered I had in my pocket a bottle of Terre Haute snake antidote, and wishing to test its merits as compared with the Cleveland brand, I stuck my fishpole in the bank and spent the next hour in trying to find a snake to bite me; failing in this I concluded to lie down and wait for a snake to come along. I could take the antidote, I argued, lie down and go to sleep, and if no snake came along, why I could go up to the Zoo the next day and get a tame snake to bite me. How long I slumbered I know not, but I was awakened by a wild, unearthly yell and a splash in the water. My first impression was that I had been surrounded by a band of wild Indianapolis Indians who were on the war path. I suspected they were intending to kidnap me, hold me for a ransom or get

me a government job in Cuba, or Washington. I did not care much which. But upon investigation I found I was mistaken. It was only a small young man from town who had come over for a little sport. He was enjoying himself quite a considerable. He had purloined my entire fishing outfit and, clad only in nature's robes and a brown mole on his starboard hip, he was making for the evergreen shore on the other side of the river. I did not want to bother the coroner or undertaker, so concluded to return to town and buy some fish.

On my way to town up the road I fell in with an old Scotch farmer coming from town, where he had been to sell his butter the day before, and was just now on his way home. I sat down in the shade of the rail fence and began to talk crops and such things to him; asked him how his wife and family were getting along, etc. He seemed interested in me from the start, and finally asked me point blank if I was not Mark Hanna. I told him that's what they called me up at the tavern. He said he thought I was he, and then he invited me to go home with him, see his farm and the folks, and stay a couple of days. I told him if he would come back to town, so I could let the people see I was not drowned, I'd go with him. So he whoahawed, geed his mules back to the tavern. Well, to make a short story long, we started for the farm, which is situated about 15 miles out of town down the pike. We had for a seat a board, and a bag of straw for a cushion. I tell you I enjoyed the ride hugely, especially the corduroy road part of it.

That night the people heard I was stopping at Farmer McDonald's and they came from miles around to see Mark Hanna. After quite a crowd had collected, the girls, Rose Mary and Cynthia, that's their names, and they are mighty pert gals, too. I should say about 24 summers have come and gone since they first saw the light of day in Vigo county, Ind. I understand they are twins, both born at the same time, or if not at the same time, one just before the other, or else one just behind the other; anyway, they were both born at one sitting, so I take it they are twins. Well, the twins wanted to dance, so they said, and wanted to know could the Senator dance. Could he dance? Well, I should smile. They said they had just been learning a new two-step dance called the pogolo. Could the Senator dance the pogolo? The Senator could dance the pogolo or any other kind of a golo they could bring along. Just give him a chance and see. I had seen Jack Coolicon and Jack Aubright dance the hoochie coochie and the Highland fling and it looked easy, so I determined to risk it. Rose Mary said she would be pleased to lop onto the Senator while we kept time to the fiddle and tam-

bourine music. So the Senator gathered Rose Mary unto himself whilst the jealous dudes from the farms around gazed in silent wonder and admiration. Now, Rose Mary McDonald's weight is about 198 or 199 lbs., and when she let herself loose on the old man it made him hump and brace his spinal column to keep from going down kersquat all in a heap; but he braced himself and got along O K until he bust a suspender; then the buttons began to fly off his vest and pants. Rose Mary stepped on his pet corn, then one shoe flew off, his collar-button got down inside his shirt, thence down into his sock. He also began to puff quite a bit. Still we kept up round and round; we flew until the perspiration ran down our faces, down our backs, until it stood in puddles on the floor, and every time we came to a puddle Rose Mary seemed to take delight in jumping into it and spattering the crowd with the sweat of our brows. Oh, you should have heard the crowd clap and cheer. They seemed to enjoy it immensely. "Go in old man!" "Whoop her up!" "Rose Mary, stamp her down; get your gate there!" "Stand pat there, old socks!" and a number of similar choice expressions were hurled at us. Finally the referee called time and we retired to our respective corners pretty well winded.

Now, your uncle has lived long enough in this world to know when he has had enough, and not wishing to be a hog and dance all the time, I said to Farmer McDonald I guessed, if he had no objection, I'd go out on the haymow and lie down. He said, "All right, me mon." So I proceeded to went. I don't know what happened after that, but I do know that if any one wanted to dance with Miss McDonald they could do so without making me mad. But take it all in all I had a very enjoyable evening. When I get home I am going into training, and as soon as I get my shape I shall come down here in Vigo county, Ind., and pogolo with Rose Mary McDonald, and don't you forget it.

The next morning I helped Mr. McDonald do the chores, feed the mules and pigs. Then he led me over his broad acres, told me how he had settled there when the country was new and civilized; how he had fought with wild cats, bears, Indians, rattlesnakes, stumps, thistles, taxes and office seekers; how he had risen from poverty to affluence, and had now, in his old age, by the help of his two sons (who live on another farm), his two gals and the old woman, and by hard work, he was able to get enough to eat. I in turn tried to convince him that, by putting another mortgage on his farm, buying a Walker generator and stringing wires through his fields, he could thereby force an electric current over said wires and fields sufficiently strong to paralyze all the weevil, Hessian flies, chinch bugs, cabbage worms, hop lice, potato

bugs and politicians that might happen along. He said he would think it over and let me know. He has not let me know up to date.

After a while we went in to breakfast, prepared by the hands of Rose Mary and Cynthia. The old gent wanted me to say the blessing, but I begged to be excused and declined in his favor, whereupon he proceeded to deliver himself of the following in his wonderful Scotch dialect: "Good and gracious Providence, bless all the McDonalds and all the McDonalds' children for a thousand years lang-syne. Be gracious, please to send us rivers of whisky and mountains of potatoes as big as the hills of Strathmore; and likewise, furthermore, send us floods of water, so there may be plenty for man and beast. And moreover, likewise, send us tons of tobacco and snecchan (snuff) as numerous as the seas on the sand shore, and swords and pistols to kill all the Grants and McPhersons. Bless the Queen, the Prince of Wales, Tod Sloan and all other members of the royal family. Bless the heathen idiots that call the British people English, and Britain England. Bless the Juke of Argyle that put up the backs to scratch the parts, and likewise, moreover, for evermore lang-syne. Bless the wee stirk and make him a big coo by next Martiamas time, and put the strength of Samson into Dugal's arms and make him bring forth kail and corn prodigious. Bless the wee soo and make him a big boar by Martiamas next. Bless all the bairns, Duncan and Rosy and Flora and young Rosy, and glorious day for evermore. And oh, Lord, wi' all Thy other blessings gie us a good conceit o' oursel's."

Well, I calculate the old man did pretty well in the grace business.

Mr. McD. asked me if I ever sheared a sheep. I told him I reckon I did. He said he had a couple left over, and if I wanted to try my hand at the business I could do so. Rose Mary said she'd bet I could not shear a sheep. "Come along and I'll show you," says I. I had seen Jim Burgess and Fred Pohlman shear a goat over on Jack Schmit's ranch on the west side of the river, and I calculated I could do as well as they. Well, the old man and woman, the twins and your uncle all repaired to the sheep shed. I'll admit I was a trifle nervous, but had gone too far to back out. I made a vow I'd shear a sheep if it took a leg, and it came mighty near it. There were two sheep in the pen; one was a male and one a female sheep. I could tell the difference by the horns on the head of the male. Anyone who has had experience can quickly discern a male from a female by the horns, which protrude about 18 inches out from both the larboard and starboard sides of a ram's head. (You had better make a note of this, so that you will always be able to distinguish instantly a male sheep from one of the female gen-

der.) There are other ways of distinguishing the difference, but this one does very well and sometimes saves trouble. The horns of the male sheep are covered with wrinkles, even in youth, when most people are supposed to be wrinkleless. The wrinkles upon the horns of the ram are plainly discernible. In this respect the sheep differs from the cow. One can tell the age of the cow by the wrinkles upon her horns. When a cow is in the flush of her young maidenhood, just before she begins to flirt with the cattle over in the next pasture, she is known in society as a heifer. Now, when a heifer arrives at the age of three years one wrinkle appears upon each horn; if the heifer happens to be a mulley, and has no horns, then it must follow that she can have no wrinkles. But having horns, when she is three years old she has one wrinkle; when she is four years old she has two wrinkles; when she is five years old she has three wrinkles, and so on, until eternity looms up in the distance.

I once had a friend out in Illinois who moved from York State; when he went West he took along as one of the family a cow. Years rolled by and the cow and my friend grew old together. The cow had been in the family so long that my friend was loth to part with her, and he determined to keep her until the end; and although she grew old and childish, she was still allowed to roam the fields and enjoy herself. The only thing about it that worried my friend was the wrinkles on the old cow's horns. So many years had come and gone, each one leaving its wrinkle, that they, the wrinkles, were pretty near the ends of the horns, and it was evident that the time would soon arrive when the wrinkles would drop off the ends for want of room, and if by-chance she should lose one wrinkle off her horns he would be unable to swear positive as to his cow's exact age; the record would not be in evidence. So after a great deal of worry and study he hit upon a plan he thought would work, and it did. The plan was to fasten two corn cobs, one on the end of each horn, and let the wrinkles run off onto the cobs; it was a happy thought and worked splendid, and for years after that this old cow might be seen roaming midst green pastures and beside still waters, with a cob full of years and wrinkles. The cow is dead now, and so is my friend. They could not live always. My friend was buried, but the poor old cow, although entitled to an honorable grave, was, I am grieved to state, sent to Chicago, embalmed, and I presume to say that parts and pieces of her were along with and helped some poor soldier up the hill on that day of the battle of San Jo Ann.

But to return to my sheep. Mr. McD. said I could have my choice; I could shear the he or the she male sheep. Inasmuch as I had promised your aunt to steer clear of the fair sex while away, I concluded I

had better tackle the Mr. sheep. I did so. I observed Mr. McD. as he maneuvered. There was a bench about 18 inches from the floor; we sat our sheep upon this bench placing our left arm under the fore legs of the sheep, and then proceeded to shear the brisket and belly. This done, turn the critter over and proceed to shear his sides; after which, stand him upon his feet and proceed to shear his back while you sit astride his neck. I got along very well except once or twice when I ran the shears into his flesh and under his hide six or seven inches; he objected to this and did some kicking, but upon the whole I got along very well, until I got straddle of his neck and began to shear his back. Even then I am inclined to think all would have been well but for a little nervousness on my part. In my haste to beat the time record and in an unguarded moment, I jabbed the shears about eight inches into the ram's flank and, lo! he gave just one bleat, one bound, and before I could recover he had skipped the gutter with a bound and a leap; he was off for some distant shore. In some way unknown said ram had gotten his horns entangled in and among your uncle's suspenders, and in such shape that when his ramship fled your uncle fled with him. With my legs around his neck, my arms around his flank, he, the ram, proceeded to bound over space, bound for somewhere, the Lord only knows where.

Now, Mr. McD. has a dog, and like all dogs, he is fond of the chase. He therefore proceeded to enjoy himself by chasing the ram and your uncle. On we sped out across the front lawn, under the spreading branches of the apple, the cherry, the plum and the gooseberry trees, back across the narrow plateau between the smoke house and the other little house, over the green slope leading down past the corn crib, we flew. Onward, ever onward; now up along the foothills leading to the henroost on the heights, now down beside the wild rushing waters of the cellar drain. On we sped right up to the hedge running along the king's highway. Then, instead of opening and walking through the gate as the rest of us did, he, the ram, meandered directly over the top of it. There did not appear to be room enough for us both along this course; one of us must stay; therefore something had to come. Something did come, and your uncle stayed. Something ripped and tore and your uncle struck the earth on his ear. Then away sped the ram, but he had your uncle's pants on his horns.

My boy, did you ever stand up on the front lawn in the sunlight of day and your summer underwear, and that underwear the vintage of '96, a stranger in a strange land? You never did, hey. Well, don't try it. I did not know exactly what to do. The McDonald family were on the front porch looking for me with a field glass. The smoke house was not very far away,

so I determined to make a break for it. I did so; it was locked. I made for the corn crib; the door was on tap. I stood still and trembled, but while I was yet trembling the angel of the Lord appeared unto me in the shape of Rose Mary McDonald, with a bed blanket on the end of the cistern pole. Carefully she approached the crib until she reached the end; then, poking the pole around the corner, she yelled, "Grab!" I did so, and in an instant I stepped forth clad in Mrs. McD.'s best bed-spread, looking for all the world like an Indian war chief. Together Rose Mary and I proceeded to the kitchen, where Farmer McDonald awaited us with his Sunday pants, which he offered me in lieu of my departed ones. I got behind the ash barrel and proceeded to don the above said pants. Now, Mr. McD. is of a good healthy weight, about 250 lbs., and his pants were quite a plenty for me; fact is, they did not fit. I could, by tugging at the waistband, bring them up on the larboard and starboard sides, but in spite of all they would lop and luff at the bow and stern, until they looked like a caved-in gravel bank out along the stone-quarry district. Rose Mary said I needed stuffing. The suggestion was a good one. I bethought me of my pajamas, Cynthia loaned me her bike bloomers, Rose Mary lent me her divided skirt, I repaired to the barn, and by a liberal use of new-mown hay and straw I was able to face the world in such shape that even Wm. McKinley would have taken me for his friend Mark. After this I sat me down in the quiet of the back yard until after dinner, when Rose Mary and Cynthia hitched up the old mare and colt and together we journeyed back to town. Procuring a new outfit I proceeded to blow myself. I filled the twins up on ice cream, soda water and peanuts, bought some tobacco for the old gent, some snuff for Mrs. McD., and the gals went home, happy in the thought, both of them, that ere the leaves begin to fall your uncle would pay them a long, long visit.

The people at the tavern were inclined to laugh when your uncle appeared among them clad in Farmer McDonald's Sunday pants, but when he told them that that style of garment was bon ton in London and New York they ceased to smile, and from time on a two or three hundred-pound man who wanted to sell or rent his pants could do so with little or no trouble.

June 26, '99.

I see by the morning paper that a bull elk has been shot up in Northern New York, in the Adirondacks, with a pair of pants entwined in his horns. It's thought he attacked some lone hunter and in the fracas hooked the hunter's pants on his antlers, tore them off and was unable to shake them from his antlers. A searching party has been organized to go in search and ascertain if such is the case. I have

no means of reaching the Adirondacks from here by wire or otherwise, but I am sure that it's a mistake. Instead of an elk, I feel confident that, if an animal has been killed with a pair of pants upon and around his horns, it is none other than the old buck sheep I sheared down in Vigo county, Ind. I believe he has run the entire distance. He would have to cover 800 or 900 miles to get there, but if he kept the gait he was going when last I gazed upon his noble form he would make it all right. If it's possible for you to communicate with the parties who shot this supposed elk, please do so and notify them of their mistake. Yours as ever,

UNCLE TOM.

Cleveland, O., July 9, '99.

My Dear Nephew:

I have just returned from a trip out West, and upon my return I find you have been here and kicked up a great muss. Well, it's all right, and for the benefit of the Brotherhood I will state what you did. For a long time 38 has been talking of splitting up. That is, the linemen have been thinking of asking for a new charter for themselves, not because of any ill feeling within or without or among the members of 38, not at all; far from it. But it has been known for some time that there are about 75 linemen (non-union) who are desirous of joining a union. They wanted an L. of their own to consist of linemen only, and did not want to join 38 because it was a mixed L.; 38 has opposed giving these linemen a charter because we did not want to lose the linemen who belong to 38. Some of them were charter members and we hated to see the boys leave; but when it became apparent that we could get 75 outside linemen (non-union) into the union, the linemen of 38 determined to withdraw and apply for a linemen's charter and take these 75 non-union men in with them. The change will take place this month some time; but can't say just when.

Times are good up in this neck of the woods. Most of the boys are working. Bro. Beecher of No. 10 is in town, and is anxious to see Columbus, O., organized. Bro. Henry Veitz sent the boys over some cigars. This is a sign of one of two events, either a marriage or a birth. In Henry's case I believe it's the former. May the Lord have mercy upon them. But honestly, Henry, I can't understand what consolation you expect to get by getting up in the morning and talking to a woman with a mouth full of pins. But here is looking at you, my boy. They all do it; sometimes they rue it, but they all do it, and they will do it till the end of time.

Do you know, my dear Neph., that some locals, like some people, are always behind the times? They don't seem to be up to date. Now, a man or an L. that's not in the trust business is too slow to live

in this enlightened generation and century. Read the following and judge for yourself:

LOCAL COMBINATION SAID TO BE FORMED TO MAINTAIN PRICES.

Suit to dissolve an alleged local electrical trust was commenced in the common pleas court Saturday. The plaintiff is Marcus Bartlett, who is doing business under the name of the Bartlett Electric Co., and the defendants are H. W. Jones, proprietor of the Electric Supply Manufacturing Co.; A. W. Oppenheimer, proprietor of the Enterprise Electric Co.; Charles Dainz, proprietor of the Dainz Electric Co.; Herman Spiegel, proprietor of the Euclid Avenue Electric Co.; the Time Electric Co., and A. E. Moses and Charles C. Bateson, engaged in the electrical business under their own names, and George H. Gleason, president of Union No. 38 of the National Brotherhood of Electrical Workers of America.

Bartlett says that he and the defendant are engaged in the manufacture and sale of electrical supplies, and in electrical construction and repair work, and that on May 1 the defendants, except Gleason, formed an association under the name of the Electrical Contractors' Association, for the purpose of raising or maintaining and controlling the price of electrical construction, to prevent competition and to prevent firms outside of the association from getting business.

Bartlett alleges that the members of the association agreed among themselves to submit bids for work to an arbiter, who was to average the bids, and the average bid, with a per cent. added, to cover the expenses of the association, was to be submitted as the bid of the member whose bid was nearest the average. The lower bids were to be raised so that they would be higher than the average bid.

Bartlett claims that the members of the association agreed to employ only members of the union, whom they were to pay a stipulated price, and the members of the union agreed to work for no one outside of the association.

Bartlett says that he attended some of the preliminary meetings, but refused to become a member of the association.

Bartlett alleges that the defendants conspired together to ruin his business and threaten to circulate handbills containing the statement that he and those from whom he secures contracts are opposed to union labor. Bartlett also says that the combination is in violation of the laws of Ohio.

Bartlett asks that the defendants be restrained from remaining members of or maintaining the association, and that he be allowed \$5,000 damages.

There are many other things I would like to say to you, and many questions I would like to answer and to ask. Especially would I like to reply to Bro. Stouffer of No. 5. I do not agree with all he says in the June number. Perhaps I will talk back at some future time; but time and space forbid this month. And now, dear Neph., hoping you will be obliged to read this letter whether you want to or not, I will close. From your

UNCLE TOM,

Press Sec. pro tem.

Local Union No. 40.

St. Joseph, Mo., July 1, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

No. 40 is still on the move, having ini-

tiated several candidates this month, and more to come. We will lose two good men on account of their being bosses and proprietors instead of workmen. Bro. Martin is interested in the new Telephone Co., while Bro. Reid is a partner in the American Electric Co.

There has been considerable jealousy existing between the different construction companies, they claiming that Bro. Reid's company had the support of the union. Well, we will give them all an equal show if they will have their journeymen come into our union.

The Building and Trades Council have at last got on a footing, and this will help to bring the delinquent inside wiremen around. I have at last found the greatest enemy of organization, and that is "personal spite." This one thing has done more harm to No. 40 than anything else I can conceive, and the same can be said of about every other secret society. Throw away your personal spite, take up the golden rule, and you can have nothing but harmony, unity and strength.

My little hint to the boys to pay up their dues had its effect, as several of them have been around. Many thanks to the editor for explaining about the price of the Worker, as I have to explain it to others. Bro. Motter, the able editor of the St. Joseph Union, had to defend himself the other night. He did not have his pen or sword with him, so he had to use his fists. Well, there were three of them, and Bro. Motter was the last one to leave, coming out victorious. The three are now in jail, while Bro. M. is nursing a badly-swollen right hand. Moral—"Don't monkey with the business end of an editor."

In my last letter I mentioned that Bro. John Webb was at the hospital. Little did we think that Bro. Webb's end was so near. He died June 8th and was buried the following Sunday. No. 40 did herself proud by turning out twenty-three strong with the Fourth Regiment Band and our fine banner properly draped. Bro. Webb was not a member of any other organization, nor had he any relatives here, so No. 40 had to look after everything. Bro. Webb was born in Eldora, Ia., Feb. 24, 1862, and for many years was foreman for the Missouri and Kansas Telephone Co., which position he held at the time of his death. Bro. Webb was probably the largest line-man who ever climbed a pole. At the time of his first ailment he weighed 250 pounds, and at one time he tipped the beam at 290 pounds. He was initiated into our local Sept. 17, 1892. Bro. John was buried from the residence of Mrs. Henry Gleitz, with whom he had boarded about fifteen years, and to whom No. 40 owes a debt of gratitude. If the world had a few more such women as "Mamma" Gleitz we would all be better off. We are also under many obligations to the Rev.

G. E. Bradford, of the Wesley M. E. Church, and the three Misses Schooley and Miss Estella Wagner. That excellent sermon and beautiful singing we will never forget.

At our last meeting the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

President—W. T. Wise.

Vice-Pres.—J. W. Gates.

Rec. Sec.—W. S. Dorsel.

Fin. Sec.—Edw. McCarty.

Inspector—Edw. Schneider.

Foreman—Jacob Cerdan.

Press Sec.—Will T. Wise.

Trustee—Thomas Bastian.

We will call the attention of our St. Louis brothers to two men who will probably drop in on them in a short time, if they have not already. One is Sam T. Lee, an electrician at the Nelson Morris packing house. He has some very small principles about him and is no friend to organized labor. He has kept several good men from joining, and the other union electricians at the plant are working at other undesirable work rather than work with a rank scab. We understand they are about to ship him, and in that case he will probably strike East St. Louis. The other is a well-known ex-brother, Arch Holman. He has refused to affiliate with the union, and has said some very hard things about some of the brothers here, besides he has just served a term in our county jail for theft. Before taking him in, write us for his St. Joseph record.

The following address was delivered at an open meeting of the American Federation of Labor by our worthy Bro. James T. Motter:

THE DUTY OF UNION MEN.

The subject upon which our committee desires me to say a few words this evening is, "The Duty of Union Men." Union men have many duties. I will only touch upon a few of them. Union men have duties to perform to the public, to themselves, to their locals, to their fellow-workmen, and last of all, and most important, union men have an inexorable duty to perform for their children, who are to come up and toil in the battle for existence in this cold, hard business world, after the parent has gone.

Now, what is duty? Webster says that duty is that which a person owes to another; that which a person is bound, by any natural, moral, or legal obligation, to pay, do, or perform. In this world we can do very little single-handed. We each one must depend largely on the benefit we derive from others, and if we expect to derive benefits from the public, we must give some benefit to the public in return.

We must conduct our daily life so that we may respect ourselves. Not that we may be eaten up by false pride, or get what is called the swelled head, for a man never becomes so great but that some one

can be found who is equal to him, or better, but we should feel and know that we are just and true and respect ourselves.

Our duty to our locals. Here is an important part. What is the local union? It is the banding together of men whose interests are identical, not for the benefit of one, but for the benefit of all. As a band of brothers joined peace and safety we may find. Here let me say that the man, or men, who are not prepared to abide by the decision of the majority, have no business in a labor union or any other body, or even to live under a government by the people. When the majority has passed on a question there should be acquiescence all along the line. When organized labor will do this, then and then only will they wield the power.

We gain nothing by strikes. We can gain nothing by taking up arms against tremendous odds. But we can gain, and already have the power, if we will put aside this foolish partisanship which builds up the few at the expense of the many; which makes the rich richer and the poor poorer.

We obligate ourselves when we join a union, freely and without mental reservation, in the presence of the members assembled, do sincerely promise to conform to, and abide by, the constitution and by-laws of the order; will faithfully further, by every means within my power, the purposes for which the union is instituted; and I further promise to keep secret and sacred every trust which may be confided to me. I also promise to bear true allegiance to the union, and I will never consent to sacrifice its interests to those of any other order or secret organization of which I am now or may hereafter be a member. I also agree to help, aid and assist a needy brother. I never will reveal to any person or persons, the secret affairs of this or any other local to which I may hereafter be admitted; and should I leave the union of my own free will, be suspended or expelled, I shall consider this obligation to be as binding upon me then as now. How many of us ever think of that?

If we will uphold and support our union, then the union can and will support us in the endeavor to keep up our standard of wages and better our daily condition.

To our fellow-worker we owe a duty. The golden rule. Do to others as we would have others do to us. If we try in a quiet way to make things easy for him, he will try to make things easy for us in return. That is but human nature.

To our children we owe a duty. Brothers, we can only judge of others by ourselves. If I can temper the winds to the shorn lamb; if I can pave the road that my little boy must travel; if by my effort he may be enabled to work out a comfortable and honorable living, then I shall be compensated for all the time spent; for all the

disappointments I may encounter. It is for the benefit of my children more than anything else that I am a union man.

The world is advancing along every line and if we don't wish to get lost in the slough of despondency we must keep up with the rank and file; we must look ahead and not behind. It is in numbers that any movement has power. Our capitalists see and know this, and that is why we have so many great monopolies and combines. Any kind of a movement needs numbers to have force. Take it in the political movements, in military force, in anything, and most of all in the movements of the workingman. If we expect to keep up the standard of wages and have employment we must get together as union men and against non-union men. Now, brothers, the greatest barrier and stumbling-block that the workingman has is a thing that belongs to every man; and that is selfishness; selfishness and personal aggrandizement have wrought more trouble with union men than any other one thing.

Now, self-discipline and self-control are the beginning of practical wisdom; and these must have their growth from self-respect. Hope springs from it, and without hope we have nothing before us. By good, sound, union principles, that is, help my brother and he will help me, we can hope to keep employed. We can hope to keep up our standard of wages, and we can hope to better our condition.

The proper thing to do is to do all the good you can in all the ways you can, to all the people you can, as long as ever you can.

Life is full of thorns and thistles. We can not always get things just as we want them, therefore we must expect worryments and disappointments.

The whole of life may be expressed in three words: Ingress, progress, egress. Man's ingress to the world is naked and bare, his progress through the world is trouble and care, and his egress from the world is—nobody knows where.

The following is a list of the names of the members of No. 40. They are all good and true union men of which any order might be proud:

Chas. Waller,	Chas. Ellis,
R. M. Martain,	Harry Peery,
Chris Schultz,	Wm. Gorton,
Jacob C. Schneider,	F. P. Johnson,
Edw. Bartlett,	W. G. S. Dorsel,
W. T. Wise,	R. W. Drain,
L. E. Reid,	Edw. McCarty,
Edw. C. Schneider,	John Melvine,
F. A. Dunn,	F. P. St. Clair,
M. T. Roberts,	J. T. Motter,
Tho. Bastian,	J. W. Gates,
Alf. Imboden,	Jacob Cerdian,
Césia Podelsak,	J. R. Green,
G. E. McCormac,	L. B. Payne,
C. C. Ely,	N. E. Newton,
Harry Toms,	H. R. Dixon,

A. D. Townsaud,
P. H. O'Connor,
J. E. Greysöh,
Alonzo Evans,
W. S. Smith,
W. H. Tucker,
D. W. Coffee,

Harry E. Tripps,
A. T. Cassell,
O. P. Morton,
F. C. Karnes,
R. A. Thayer,
J. E. Dutcher,
Raleigh Arnold.

There are several men working here who will come into the union as soon as they are eligible, and there are a few others who have dropped out for one reason or another, but the principal reason is that they have good positions and do not feel the need of the union. When they get out of a job it is different. In my next letter I will give the names of these ex-brothers and some of their excuses and imaginary wrongs which they claim have been imposed upon them.

As ever I remain,

Y'S,

Press Sec'y.

Local Union No. 41.

Buffalo, N. Y., July 7, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

Late again, as usual, but with the obliging editor's permission I must ask him to use his best efforts to see that this letter finds its place in the July number of the Worker. Local 41 still holds the fort, and the outlook is very bright for the future. All the members who attend the meetings regularly are having plenty of amusement at the expense of those who do not attend. It is one of the simplest things imaginable to have any motion they desire carried through, and how the non-attendants kick when they hear of some of the things that are done. I would like to ask who is to blame? I say when members do not take interest enough in their local to attend, why they must certainly abide by the laws that are made by those who do attend. I will state for the information of those who read the Worker (at least) that there is a movement on foot to hold our meetings twice in one month, the second and fourth Wednesdays. Those of you who are members of Local 41 and notice this letter, remember what section one, article four of your by-laws says, and I promise you it will be lived up to for at least the next six months.

I must say a word for the picnic held at Edgewater by Local 45 on July 4th. I have attended quite a number of picnics in my time, but this one eclipsed them all for a nice, orderly, quiet and well managed outing. Local 56 of Erie, Pa., was well represented, and from the way Erie tossed the line over the wire one would judge that 56 was made up of expert workmen as well as good union men. As I said in an article some time since, if you want good men, pick union men, for all good workmen belong to the union. I would like to go more into detail regarding the outing, but I feel that Bro. Casey of 45 will

have a good account of the day in his letter, and can do it justice much better than I.

Some of our members, (myself included) are not exactly pleased with the sense of "Electron's" letter in the June number, where he says it will cost \$20.00 for any member of the N. B. E. W. to secure a working card in St. Louis, and it has prompted one member to write the following:

Buffalo, N. Y., July 1, 1899.

My dearest N. B. Ewa.:

I was more than pleased to hear from you yesterday. Glad to know that everything looks so nice. Now darling, there is one thing above all others that I pride myself on, and that is my "constitution." You know it has carried me through a very severe spell of "tiefight" fever, and you should not do anything that might overtax that, my only standby. I noticed in your letters that your "one" friend, you know whom I mean, St. L. Electron, says things that shock my "constitution" and your love for me should have prompted you to give him his calls. You and I have been engaged for a year now, in fact our cards were published just one year and one month ago; and to think, that old Elektron wanting \$20 extra for the privilege of sharing his roof and protection; just because you and I were going there for our wedding journey. Never mind, darling, I don't want to go to St. Louis anyway. They have the "yellow" fever there, and I know (seeing that you were wise enough to make our "visiting" cards Federation ones) that St. Louis must be about the only place where the same are no good. Well, goodbye until the fourth, and won't I make up for lost time then. Many kisses from your ever loving

ROSY.

P. S.—The zephyr is our pres., the Highland Scotty is F. S. and Daddy Love is the scribe. Think of it at 41 Love writes the minutes and the ours. Say, ma just called my attention to the following joke. She made me look it up in the dictionary:

Zephyr, a gentle Breese.

R.

We will have to say to our brothers in No. 1, constitution first and St. Louis next.

The Pan-American folks are not doing much in the way of construction, nothing but preliminaries at present. Electric work dull in Buffalo.

Fraternally yours,

WM. A. BREESE,

Local Union No. 42.

Utica, July 6, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

Having been elected press secretary of Local No. 42 I will try and get one letter in and keep up the reputation of our former press secretary. At our last regular

meeting we elected the following officers, but I will tell you beforehand that it is hard work to elect officers and run a union with about seven or eight members present. We had ten offices to fill and seven members to fill them with. The other brothers were too busy shooting trouble to get around, as they all say when you ask them why they didn't attend the meeting, that they had something else to do, or they forgot it was meeting night. Well, here are the officers we elected;

President—N. T. Carter.

Vice-Pres.—H. Van Der Bogert.

Rec. Sec.—G. O. Carter.

Fin. Sec.—F. Brigham.

Press Sec.—G. O. Carter.

Treas.—C. Richerson.

Trustee—F. Danahar.

Inspector—R. A. Hutcherson.

Foreman—J. Nelson.

We have just changed our meeting night and hall, so if any floating brother comes along Tuesday, July 11th, at 132 Genesee street, he will be welcome and well used.

Our worthy Bro. Capt. Fred Murphy has been appointed chief of our fire department, and he makes a fine one at that, and is still the same Fred with the boys. Although we do not see him at the meetings any more, he is still one of us.

Work is a little slow here just now. The Light people are rebuilding, but there are only two union men in the gang. Come, Bro. Bates, drum them up a little; we could use a few good 100-volt lights in our circuit. The Phone folks are doing a little repair work, and W. U. also. Bro. Billy Owens has a heavy road gang coming up the line carefully. Come, Billy, how many union men are there in it?

Our ex-Bro. T. Marron has been appointed Assistant Lineman for the city. The boys are all wishing him success.

There is a large Electrical Power Company just started here which intends to begin to build before long. I guess I had better ring off before I get grounded, and hoping this is not too long.

Fraternally yours,

G. O. C., Press Sec.

Local Union No. 43.

Syracuse, July 2, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

It has been many months since there was a letter in the Worker from Syracuse, and many things have occurred. Our agreement is practically the same as last year. Now, to the boys of 43, quit smoking your pipes and get in the game. We are going to have a jolly smoker and plenty of wet goods to dispense at our next meeting, and will the brothers who are too lazy to come up to the meeting kindly leave their names with the secretary, and I will bring them up in a horseless carriage.

It is a shame that there was not a better attendance at our last meeting, when we

had an election of officers, but nevertheless we proceeded with the same, and will let the brothers judge for themselves by the list of those who will officiate during the next term: President, John Kerwin; Vice-President, C. Tyrell; Financial Secretary, George A. Davenport; Secretary, E. W. Lewis; Trustee for 18 months, C. A. Brand; Foreman, W. H. Garber; Inspectors, R. E. Handlin and H. Yorker.

The boys can not complain, for there is plenty of work in and about Syracuse, and prospects are very flattering for the fall.

We all sympathize with our brother James McJury in the loss of his much-beloved wife, and in this hour of his sorrow we all join in our most heartfelt regrets at her untimely taking off, and extend the brotherly hand of love and sympathy.

E. W. LEWIS,

Press Secretary.

Local Union No. 44.

Rochester, N. Y., July 4, '99.

Editor Electrical Worker:

This is my first effort as a journalist and I hope the brothers will excuse my inexperience. L. U. 44 held its election of officers, which resulted as follows:

President—J. P. Wolf.

Vice-Pres.—J. Healy.

Rec. Sec.—A. L. Denniston.

Fin. Sec.—F. A. Martin.

Foreman—S. Kelly.

Inspector—F. Ekridge.

Treasurer—J. Guerinot.

This is a re-election with a few exceptions.

Mr. Editor, in looking over the Worker the past two or three months I was and am surprised to see that not one of our press secretaries or other members discussed our next national convention. Now, brothers, I think it is time to begin at once. What do you think of the situation of the workingman as it is to-day? Do you think it better or worse than it was a few years ago? Do not answer this as a personal question, but as one applied to the workingman throughout the country. Now, brothers, there is no doubt that it is worse than at any time before. Who do you think is to blame for this state of affairs but ourselves, and why, you will ask. For the simple reason that you as a Republican and I as a Democrat will vote for our respective candidates, no matter who or what they may be; and right here I would like to say that the unions of all crafts are in a great measure to blame, for their mission on earth is to educate the masses, while they strictly prohibit the only way of education, and that is, discussing politics in their meetings. Now, I think that at our next convention this thing should and must receive the attention that is necessary for the welfare of the workingman. "Socialist" will be the cry when you read this, but, Brothers, I am no socialist at

present, nor do I think that I ever will be, for I think the workingman can compel one or the other of the great parties to do them justice if they will vote as they should. Yours truly,

J. P. WOLF,

Press Secretary.

Local Union No. 45.

Buffalo, N. Y., July 5, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

I write to inform you that our great day has come, is past and gone and will long remain fresh in the memory of our visiting brothers and friends, as well as every member of No. 45. I fear words will fail me when I attempt to describe that great affair, however I will endeavor to give a faint description and an account of things as they transpired on that memorable occasion.

As early as 7 o'clock in the morning the crowds began to gather on the wharves and kept continually multiplying until the scene resembled the departure of some great ocean liner leaving a metropolitan seaport for a foreign city. The day was exceedingly warm but the crowd was fanned by the breezes of the great lakes while they waited on the tiptoe of excitement for the departure of the pleasure boat. However, at ten o'clock sharp the Silver King gave the usual marine signal for a start, cast off her hawsers and put out to sea. She rounded the Amherst St. pier with a sweeping curve, cutting the water gracefully with her bow, and with the assistance of a fair wind soon attained full speed. The trip to the pleasure grounds was uneventful, there was nothing particular to attract attention only the confused babble of voices from the pleasure seekers which was ever and anon broken in upon by the delightful streams of music sent up by the picnic band. At last Edgewater was reached and I must say it is no doubt an ideal picnic grounds, surpassing in beauty and usefulness many of the famous pleasure resorts of the old world. The great crowd, which was landed with haste, found its way to the cool groves and was supplied with ample refreshments from the tables and saloons of our great chairman of refreshments, John Fausit. Now John is a very ardent worker, he is in fact a whole picnic committee himself and it is unnecessary to state that the crowd was well looked after by him and his able corps of assistants, who no doubt deserve more praise than the members of No. 45 are able to confer upon them.

I would like to state right here that we were favored with the presence of our Grand Secretary, H. W. Sherman, who, with the assistance of Mr. McKenzie, Mr. Roth, Mr. Aldridge and Bro. Broderick, gave us great help in acting as judges for our many contests.

Now in regard to entertainment, the first on the program was a splendid sparring contest between Jem Mace and Joe Coburn, which came off under the able management of Brother Jim Daley. Jim is a well-known ringside admirer and has more than once lent his assistance to Dan Stuart and Richard K. Fox in pulling off some of the great fistic events of the times. So you may well guess the success of this part of the entertainment. All that will be necessary for me to state is that it was strictly confined within the limits of the Horton law. The next to come off was our great rope-throwing contest, which was entered into with great zeal and after an exhibition of skilled and scientific rope throwing the prizes were awarded to Joe Lyons and C. F. Wayman, both from Local 56, Erie, Pa. Lyons first, who succeeded in getting 61 ft. 6 in. of rope on the ground over a 45 ft. high wire. The next was our great pole-climbing contest, which was entered into with the same spirit and, after a hot contest and a splendid exhibition of climbing, the first prize was awarded to C. Woods, who made the climb in 21 2-5 seconds, while W. Cunningham came second, his time being 21 3-5 seconds. The pole was 50 feet out of ground. The fat man's race was carried off by William Hanson and the hundred-yard dash by Kelly. The prize waltz was awarded to Prof. Emerson and his lady, after which a few more hours were spent in amusements and the last boat departed for Buffalo with all on board.

Yours fraternally,
J. J. CASEY.

Local Union No. 46.

Lowell, Mass., July 3, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

I was elected P. S. of Local No. 46 at our last regular meeting and as a consequence the readers of the Worker must pay the fiddler. I want to state right here that Bro. "Supt." Murphy mustn't think (I don't mean to insinuate that he is in the habit of thinking) that P. S. means "Poor Slob," "Pole Stabber" or "Peregrinating Sammy," because it don't. I wish to inform him, through the columns of your valuable paper, that those letters mean Press Secretary, and as such I represent the journalistic side of No. 46, and am therefore entitled to the respect and protection of the union. But perhaps I ought to state that I am not just at present strictly entitled to be called an electrical worker, as I have temporarily resigned my lucrative position as carbon hustler to enter the service of our dear old Uncle Samuel. I suppose that you think this means that my patriotic spirit has arisen in the grandeur of its strong young manhood and swept me into the army, to shoulder my gun and help sweep the unruly and savage Filipinos off from their

little miserable islands into the Pacific Ocean, or maybe you think that I am going to join the regulars, to be sent away up into the frozen gold fields of Alaska, there to perform the perilous duty of watching our boundary line and prevent the Canadians from hanging their washing out on it. No, no, boys; it is neither of these, but a far nobler and grander duty which Uncle Sam asks of me. I go to sacrifice upon the altar of my country my life (or a big part of it) in the performance of the hazardous and exacting duty of the mail service, carrying letters. On, how glorious! how heroic! to be thus willing to drop all other paltry considerations to answer the urgent call of one's country in its hour of need, and enroll one's name among those other grand old heroes, Washington, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant, Dewey and all the rest. What an opportunity! But I won't forget the union while serving under the stars and stripes in the gray uniform. (Murphy says that the kind of uniform I ought to wear is one with stripes running across it.) And that puts me in mind that I have a little grudge against this same Murphy which I must settle before I get the G. B. from this position of P. S. When I was President of No. 46 that fellow made it his particular mission in life to "jolly" and "rattle" the presiding officer, and I am going to get back at him through the Worker. "Revenge is sweet," and he is getting his just dués now, and I lay awake nights to gloat over what has happened to him. The Lowell and Suburban Street Railway Co. were in need of a man to take charge of all construction and installation work around their plant, consisting of a power house equipped with eight General Electric Co.'s 250 horse power railway generators, driven by four Corliss engines of 500 H. P. each, besides one big engine coupled direct to a mammoth generator of about 1500 kilowatts capacity. The station is also equipped with a three-phase system, for transmitting power to Nashua, fifteen miles away, where, through a sub-station, they run the Nashua street railway. The Lowell station feeds a good many miles of trolley wire through innumerable feeders, and is the second largest plant in Massachusetts. Well they wanted a man to take charge of all this and Murphy got the job. "Revenge is sweet!" and I'm going to stir up his men to ask for more pay.

We had a fine celebration here on the fourth. All the boys enjoyed themselves immensely. I wish I had space to tell you all about it, but as I haven't, I will only mention the way some of the brothers enjoyed themselves. Barrett pushed a baby carriage five miles out into the country and bought a keg of beer and brought it home carefully covered up in the "push wagon"—Lowell is no license this year. Bro. McDermott's recreation consisted of sling-

ing a 30 pound maul on the common all afternoon, to see how strong he was. Mike Quinn attended a meeting of the A. O. H. to learn parliamentary usage. Bro. Harding was the "wild man" in a show on the common. Bro. John Moore amused the baby at home while his better half or three-fourths went out to see the parade. Joe Moore twirled the sphere and sweat like blazes. Bro. S. worked all day on a job to make the boss think he is a great worker. Bro. Hall (120 pounds) held a 180 pound fairy on his lap while the fireworks gayly sizzled. Bro. Kennedy spent the day drinking water and thinking of the good old times, and myself, I wrote this letter. Oh! we had a great time.

4-11-44.

P. S.—There is one other little thing which I would like to speak of before I switch off. Why is there not a column in the Worker devoted to the names of men who have been suspended or expelled from the different locals? If this was done, then the Secretary could cut them out each month and arrange them in alphabetical order in a register, to which we could refer whenever an application was received from a man of whom we knew but little. There are cases where a member, knowing that things are run very slack in this respect, will take advantage of the fact to fall in arrears, regardless of suspension, knowing that he can still pass for a union man in other places, or can even join another local if necessary to further his own ends. Please agitate this matter, Mr. Editor, and let us hear from the other locals on the subject.

4-11-44.

Local Union No. 54.

Richmond, Ind., July 1, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

There has been considerable talk among the linemen of this city for the past month in regard to organizing a union here. Several of the boys took hold of the matter and went to the front. It was a little hard at first, but by good management and a little hustling they finally won out, meeting with very good success. A charter was sent for and a meeting was held the 16th of June, 1899.

We are doing as well as could be expected, having at present thirty-four members, and hope to get more shortly. A second meeting was held last Friday evening in the Trades Union Hall and the following officers were elected and installed:

Pres.—F. K. Harris.
V.-Pres.—W. Krause.
Fin. Sec.—M. A. Linley.
Rec. Sec.—J. J. O'Connell.
Inspector—J. Carter.
Foreman—W. Hoggsett.
Press Sec.—Bert Dorsey.

After which several applications for membership were read, voted on and accepted.

The boys seem to be falling into line fast, all that is necessary is a little talking with them. All men working at the electrical business should be under the one banner of right and justice. Let each brother do his part and try and increase our roll of members. I think that in the course of a month or so we can number at least fifty.

Now let us all bear in mind that in order to make our local hold fast each brother should be attentive to all meetings and know all things that are going on there, this is the main object in order for us to exist.

Several of our boys have taken out traveling cards and left for parts unknown; will say success to them wherever they may go. We would be pleased to hear from any of them either by letter or through the Worker.

Brother Bob McWilliams met with a sad accident last Friday evening. They were taking down some old seven-eighths cable messenger; had it all down on the ground and were making it clear so as to leave it over night. One end of the wire had been made taut, apparently, but proved otherwise, and the loose end flew through the air with terrible force, striking Bob in the left eye, putting out the sight entirely. The unfortunate brother is a first-class lineman and has been an invaluable man to the C. U. Company in the heavy artillery gang. He is receiving every attention at St. Stephens Hospital and is being visited by all the brothers who can spare a moment's time to grasp his hand and express sympathy. We wish him a speedy recovery and hope to see him among us soon.

Fraternally yours,
BERT DORSEY,
Press Sec.

Local Union No. 55.

Des Moines, Ia., July 3, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

Our regular election of officers has passed off smoothly. We elected a complete new set and hope the new brooms will sweep clean. Having been promoted from foreman to press secretary, brothers outside of our local will pardon me for thinking we have as fine a lot of union men as ever gathered in a lodge room. No, I don't mean we are all perfect; if we were we would hardly fit in our National Brotherhood, but the majority, if not all, are trying to improve, and I shall say in my first letter try and keep up the good work and I will not advertise your faults, for I don't believe throwing rocks at each other to be the best method of building up our craft. Suppose a member does fall by the wayside, pick him up or at least do your part and ask your fellow brothers to do the same. When a brother is down remember his condition is worse than yours and it is no honor for the strong to crush the weak.

Everything in these parts is in a prosperous condition at present. Organized labor is climbing that long and steep hill of honor more steadily and unitedly than ever before in the history of our city. At the meeting of the Trades and Labor Assembly last Sunday the committee on organization was increased from five to seven members. The committee on amusements presented a fine Labor Day program, and the Labor Temple committee submitted the draft of a three-story Labor Temple of the most modern up-to-date style. Last, but not least, No. 55 has established the nine-hour system, without a man losing a day's work, so you can see we are all on the move out here.

We have had a number of accidents of late. Bro. Readman got caught on a live wire about three weeks ago and fell 22 feet on a hard pavement, but fortunately no bones were broken. He is out and around, but not able to work yet. A man working for the W. W. got caught on a hot wire last Friday and fell across a horse's neck so he did not get seriously hurt, and last night a man ran into a live wire that had fallen on the sidewalk and was killed instantly. Bro. Miller saw the man fall and ran over to clear up the wire. While clearing up the wire he got his hands burned. The newspapers told about his great heroic act, so I guess Bro. Miller's hands will soon be all right again.

The case at Springfield, Ill., is a sad affair, but lamenting over such matters and criticising others would seem to me hardly the proper salve to apply as a remedy in cases of this kind. What is wanted is to get them back into the fold. I hardly think the majority should be blamed as much as pitied. It is safe to predict that they have been taken in by some fellow who had an axe to grind, and it may be that he has worked the secretary of the State Federation of Labor. Be that as it may, it's hardly proper to allow one or two men to play our National; still, from reports, one would infer we have had the shell game run in on us, and while we were staking our money on the shells someone has been putting the pulp underneath his fingernails. Brothers, don't you think that our National has been on earth long enough not to be played for an overgrown rube? It seems best to me, in a case of this kind, to start the proper officer to Springfield on first train, to get those ex-brothers back in line. Should he fail, he could get the correct situation of affairs, so that our proper officers could request the State Federation of Labor to revoke their charter. There is not much doubt but what if the case was properly submitted to the Executive Board, but what they would either get those fellows back into our organization or drop them from theirs.

While I am not very familiar with the

working of the State Federation of Labor of Ill., as a member of the Executive Board of the Iowa State Federation of Labor, it is a part of our duty to straighten out such tangled coils as our fallen brothers from Springfield have got themselves into. In Iowa, should any local get their wires so badly crossed that they become unable to tell which is their right lines, we will try and do our part towards straightening them out or drop them as dead wires, provided their National does their part.

Trusting to hear from some of the brothers on this question.

Yours truly,
J. FITZGERALD,
P. S.

Local Union No. 56.

Erie, Pa., July 6, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

As this is the last day of the fourth and all has ended well, I have got my pen quieted down to send in my little word.

But, Bro. Ed., as you were present at No. 45's picnic and saw me climb that 50 ft. pole in 35 9-5 seconds, I have lost my nerve and I am afraid you will turn my ink towards the wall, but I don't see why you should, as my conduct was good and I did the best I could. The largest thing that ever happened in Erie was our picnic on June 28th. There were all kinds of races, rope throwing, pole climbing, and four inches of rain fell to lay the dust. Bro. Tom Connor was best man with the rope. The time in the climbing contest on a 45 ft. pole was as follows: Bro. Frank Cosgrove, 16 1-5 sec.; Bro. Sherm. Hardin, 17 2-5 sec.; Bro. J. F. St. Clair, 18 3-5 sec.; Bro. Joe Lyons, 19 1-5 sec.; Bro. Fred Seaman, 20 3-5 sec.; Bro. Geo. Burger, 21 sec.; Bro. L. E. Carson, 35 3-5 sec.; Bro. Johnny Donahue, 35 4-5 sec.

Say, what do you think of that Johnny Donahue? I wish he had been down to Buffalo. I think I could beat him worse than that. I met several brothers of No. 45 after the fireworks and they took me around and showed me the large buildings and bridges. I think the last man I saw Bro. Moore.

There were several other matters of interest at No. 45's picnic, but I can't remember what they were so I will let No. 45 tell her own troubles. I can't say just what is going on in Erie as I have not got done farming yet. I had some trees to trim since the fourth, but as I am satisfied that I can't climb I borrowed a two-man power saw and trimmed them at the earth.

Hoping that all this appears on the last page of the Worker, I am yours as B 4.

L. E. C.,
R. S.

Local Union No. 66.

Houston, Tex., July 5, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

Local 66 has had a strike since I wrote before. We asked the light company for

\$2.50 per day and a contract. They refused and we tied them up completely. After everybody was out they proposed to settle by giving linemen \$2.50, but as the trimmers and dynamo men had gone out with us we then demanded a raise for them also and also demanded a contract. The receiver said he dared not sign the contract without consulting the court. He asked us to send a representative with him to consult the judge, also asked us to light the town pending his decision, but the union refused both propositions, so he went to consult the court by himself. When he returned he said the court said he could not authorize him to sign the contract we asked for, if he did he would be fostering a trust. So the union decided to waive the signing of the contract during the receivership, as we have them where they cannot very well avoid keeping the spirit of the contract. We know they do not want another dose of the same medicine very soon, as we had the city in complete darkness until they settled, which they did by granting the raise asked for all around, \$5 per man for trimmers and dynamo tenders and 25 cts. per day for line and trouble men.

There was no injunction issued against us. Why? Because knowing the unfair advantages taken by other Federal judges and government officials of organized labor, we were sharp enough not to give them the slightest pretext to hang an injunction upon. The strikers were advised and warned that as the corporation was in the hands of the Federal Court we would have to be very careful if we expected to win. Every man kept strictly in line and having faith in the leaders followed their advice implicitly. The consequence was that we had as quiet and orderly a strike as was ever seen. When will the workingmen of this country wake up to a realization of the extent that the creatures of their creation are usurping power which was never intended for them to have. They beg us for the offices and then turn around and say we are not your servants but your masters. They say we do not know what is good for us; they say I, one man, know better what you want and need than you 15 or 20 million know yourselves. They say you must keep at work (if you can get it) and keep your eyes shut and your ears closed and your mouth shut and I, the great I am, will attend to your interests and see that you get what you deserve. And I must admit that we are getting what we deserve; not what we ought to get on account of our wives and babies and poor old mothers and fathers, dependent upon us; but what we deserve as men who have the power in our hands to right our wrongs and are too criminally negligent to do so. I repeat that the workingmen of this country as a body are criminal in their neglect of their duty to

themselves and their dependents. Stop for a moment and think of the thousands of tender boys and girls of this free country who ought to be playing at their parents' knee and attending schools to fit themselves for the duties of life who are compelled to labor long hours every day to keep the life in their little bodies. Think of the innocent babes, hollow-eyed and suffering for the food necessary to keep them alive! Think of the poor wife denying herself the necessary nourishment to give it to her little ones, trying to keep them from suffering, not knowing where the next piece of bread is coming from! Think of the poor old father and mother tottering, ragged and hungry, on their road to the grave. I say think of all these things, you workman, and remember that you have the remedy in your own hands and then deny if you can that you are a criminal in your neglect.

Federal Judge Jackson, at Wheeling, W. Va., on the 18th of April, 1899, said this was a free country and if you did not like the wages paid you by one corporation to quit and go to another. He did not say that if you did so that you would find at the new place of the same line of business practically the same conditions. If you have a trade you naturally want to follow it but you will find wherever you go that the conditions are practically the same. Why? Because all principal lines of industry are controlled by the money power and they dictate the wages. He also said that you were free to buy where you pleased. If you went to one grocer and his prices did not suit you, you were free to tell him you would not take his stuff, you would go somewhere else. The grocer could not compel you to take his goods, but he did not tell you that if you went to another place you would find the same prices and that the prices were regulated not by the individual grocer but by a trust that could compel you to pay their price or starve. He also said if you did not want to work for corporation prices you were free to starve if you wanted to. He says this is a country of progress; it is a country where all citizens enjoy equal rights. He says now think of that! No man is compelled to work; he may starve if he chooses to! He further says that he understands that the public sympathy is with what is known as the strikers. He says that this is a mistaken sympathy, a misguided sympathy and often a wrongful sympathy. Here is another instance of your servant dictating to you. This Federal Judge who has no interest in this particular community presumes to say that he is better qualified to decide what that whole community needs than the citizens of Wheeling are. If that is not one man power or imperialism I would like to be shown an instance of it.

Speaking of imperialism the recent ex-

hibition of it in Shoshone county, Idaho, was the most flagrant outrage that has been perpetrated in the name of the law for many a long day.

There is an old saying that the strength of a government lies in the consent of the governed, but that is not true in a literal sense at the present day. The passive strength does but the active strength of government of the present day lies in the money power, and who represents the money power you will say? Some will tell you the trusts, but I say no; the trusts are simply the tools employed by the money power. The real dictators of the policies of the civilized world to-day are very few in number and the Rothschilds constitute the most of them.

I see by the issue of the Post of July 4th that you workmen have taken up the cause of the St. Louis and big muddy coal company and issued an injunction against the strikers who are trying to get better conditions. When I say you workmen I mean just what I say, for you are responsible for it. Nice state of affairs, is it not, when the creatures of your creation use the weapons that you place in their hands to grind down your brother workman. You can not deny the responsibility if you do dodge the issue, for in your hands lies the remedy.

Not an enemy of labor! General H. C. Merriman comes out in large headlines in the post to deny that he is an enemy to labor, after issuing a martial order that no miner in Idaho should have work without forever renouncing his union. He now says he favors unions and it was his wish that every union miner would declare his innocence and the innocence of his union and obtain the Governor's employment permit (in which a man has to sign his renunciation of his union) and the higher the wages the better he would have been pleased. Just what is meant by this turncoat policy is not hard to guess. The storm that has been raised about President? (king would be more correct) McKinley's ears is responsible for it. And herein, fellow workmen, lies a hint of your power. In some future issue I shall perhaps try to explain my idea of the workingman's power and also my idea of the remedy for the existing evils.

R. R. TRIPP.

Local Union No. 68.

Denver Colo., July, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

Having been elected P. S. at our last meeting, I will contribute a few lines from No. 68. We are taking in quite a number of new members lately. Work has been reasonably good this summer, although not quite as good as was expected in the early spring. The eight-hour law is creating considerable excitement throughout the state. Since June 15th most of the lead smelters have been closed, but most

of the principal mining camps are working three shifts of eight hours each and paying \$3.00 per shift. The smelter employees are very strongly organized, and it is thought the matter will be speedily settled.

Brother Sayers was appointed to the office of city electrician and, from all reports, is considered the right man in the right place. At our last meeting the following officers were elected:

Pres.—C. W. Armstrong.

Vice-Pres.—Frank F. Miller.

Rec. Secy.—Thomas Spellessy.

Fin. Secy.—Harry Teele.

Trés.—Chas. E. Hamm.

Wishing success to all, I am,

Fraternally,

Harry Teele,

Press Secy.

Local Union No. 81.

Scranton, Pa., June 24, 1899.

Editor Electrical Worker:

For the past three years the electricians of this city have talked union, but could never get near enough to effect an organization. But at last we have won the day. About a month ago, when the carpenters were about to go on strike, the benefit of unionism was in the mind of every sensible electrical worker, and so we came together, but not until the strike was declared. The bosses tried hard to hold us down, but it was too late. We see our mistake of days gone by. We are now rolling the stone up a very steep hill, with hopes of at last reaching the top.

If the carpenters win this strike this will be one of the strongest union cities in the Union. Hoping soon to give the brothers a good account of our workings, I am,

Yours truly

T. B. STURDEVANT,
Press Secretary.

MARCONI WAS NOT THE FIRST.

A Scotchman Performed the Wireless Telegraph Feat 45 Years Ago.

For many days past we have had dinned into our ears the wonderful discovery of "wireless telegraphy" attributed to Signor Marconi, an Italian, says a writer in the Edinburgh Scotchman. We have had the opinion of experts of all nationalities on the great discovery, but none of them has informed the world of science that "wireless telegraphy" was practiced in Scotland by a Scotchman before Marconi was born. In giving an account of any "discovery" or invention it is right to give honor to whom honor is due. Therefore we cannot refrain from paying a tribute to the memory of the man who, in these islands at least, was the first to suggest the method of signaling across space without intervening wires. The man we refer to was James Bowman Lindsay, who was born at Carnyville, in the year 1799. Not only did

TO ALL UNION MEN.

We wish to avail ourselves of this space to thank all Union men and particularly members of this organization, for their liberal patronage of our "Keystone" Overalls and Pants. Our trade is enormous and we believe it is due, not alone to the merits of our goods, but to the loyalty of Union men in preferring the manufactured articles of those who respect and encourage the principles of Unionism. Our nineteen years record with no labor conflict is to us a matter of pride.

Very truly yours,

CLEVELAND & WHITEHILL CO.

Lindsay suggest, but he also carried out successful experiments in proof of his theories.

James Bowman Lindsay was a man after Samuel Smiles' own heart, and one whose biography would have supplied the writer of "Self Help" with splendid material. Certainly few, if any, have accomplished so much through a long lifetime of penury. All his life he had to pinch himself to the utmost in order to purchase materials for his numerous experiments. He worked and worked alone, on the borders of starvation. He had no house—at least the house he had, if it could be called a house, consisted of one room—all he could afford—but that solitary room had in it more than any palace in the world could boast at the period to which we refer. It was lighted up by an electric light of his own installation—in the year 1835. It is difficult to realize that 64 years ago a room in Scotland could have been so illuminated. That same room was famous for other reasons—it was here Lindsay wrote several of his works, and that portion of his marvelous dictionary in fifty different languages which, in his own handwriting, is to be seen at this day in a glass case in a Dundee museum.

In 1845 he suggested the possibility of extending the electrical telegraph to America. In 1853 he maintained it was possible to establish electric communication through waters without wires. In 1854 he patented this invention, and in the same year he conducted experiments in London and Portsmouth, where he successfully telegraphed without wires across a stretch of water 500 yards wide.

In 1859 he telegraphed in this manner across the River Tay at Glencarse, where it is about half a mile wide, and also read a paper on the subject before the British Association at Aberdeen. In presence of the members Lindsay conducted experiments at the Aberdeen docks, where he proved conclusively the correctness of his theories.

That Lindsay's was a prescient mind will be seen in the remarkable words inserted in the advertisement announcing the opening of his science classes, which appeared in the Dundee Advertiser of April 11, 1834: "Houses and towns will in a short time be lighted by electricity instead of gas, and heated by it instead of coals, and machinery will be wrought by it instead of by steam, all at a trifling expense." Fancy all this foretold by a poor Scotchman 65 years ago.

After repeating his experiments across a two-mile stretch of the Tay between Dundee and Woodhaven, it was thought that something would result from the achievement. But nothing was done to give them a practical bearing. This was not Lindsay's fault. The business of the philosopher is to find out the mysterious forces in nature, and simply to indicate their application. It remains for others who have the necessary capital and practical ability to adopt the ideas and suggestions and shape them to a useful and profitable end. The philosopher's part was done—and done well—by this poor Dundee mechanic—a man whose work as a linguist, apart from his scientific knowledge, would have made a reputation for him rivaling that of Mezzofanti.

The Akoulallion.

As is well known, many persons in the past have invented various kinds of devices which have been more or less successful, for enabling the deaf to hear. In fact the telephone, according to a statement made by Prof. Alexander Graham Bell before a fraternity society in California recently, was the outcome of an endeavor on his part to perfect an electrical device for teaching the deaf to understand and talk. Referring to this subject in his address he said:

"It occurred to me to make a machine that would enable one to hear vibrations. I went to an aurist in Boston and he advised me to take the human ear as a model. I told him that I would if he would kindly furnish the ear, which he did by supplying me with the ear of a dead man. With this I experimented, and upon applying the apparatus I noticed that the dead man's ear wrote down the vibrations. I arrived at the conclusion that if I could make iron vibrate on a dead man's ear I could make an instrument more delicate which would cause these vibrations to be heard and understood."

Apparently working very much on this same principle, an inventor by the name of Hutchinson has succeeded, so it is asserted, in devising an instrument which he calls the akoulallion, and by means of which persons who have been deaf and dumb from birth are enabled not only to hear, but are taught to articulate letters, syllables, words and even sentences.

The instrument by means of which these striking results are obtained consists of two rubber ear pieces held together by means of a spring, much resembling in appearance the headgear made use of by central telephone exchange operators, and a metal breastplate on which is fixed, just

in front of the mouth of the wearer, a transmitter apparently quite similar to the type found on many telephones. This transmitter, which is made of hard rubber, is so pivoted that it may be turned in any desired direction, or in other words, toward the source of any sound which it is desired to hear. The current for operating the akoulallion is derived from ten battery cells, a switch located on the breastplate permitting the wearer to cut the apparatus in or out of circuit at will. Another switch is also provided for controlling the amount of current passing through the circuit, and consequently the intensity of the sound produced. The wiring and switches are furthermore so arranged that if it is found that one ear of a mute is more sensitive than the other, the volume of sound can be adjusted accordingly.

From the above description it will be seen that the akoulallion does not apparently differ materially from what is known as the loud-speaking telephone.

At a public test of the instrument which recently took place at Mobile, Ala., two

deaf mutes are said to have been able to hear the playing of a piano at a distance of from fifty to sixty feet. The object of the invention, however, as we understand it, is not only to enable the deaf to hear, but to teach them to articulate voice sounds, which, providing it accomplishes what is claimed for it, should do much toward alleviating one of the most unfortunate afflictions that the human race is heir to. —Electricity.

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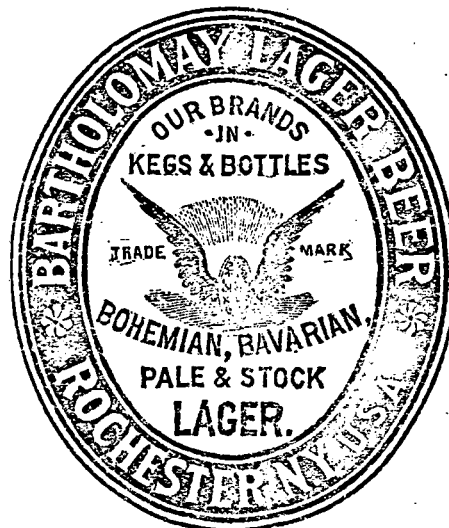
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Secretaries will please furnish the necessary information to make this directory complete. Note that the time and place of meeting, the name of the President, the names and addresses of the Recording and Financial Secretaries are required.

No. 1, St. Louis, Mo.—Meets every Monday at 604 Market st. Pres., C. W. Campbell, 3636 California av.; R. S. Paul Ettinger, 1525 N. 12th st.; F. S., P. C. Fish, 1927 N. 15th st.

No. 2, Kansas City, Mo.—Pres., J. L. Cochran, 215 West 10th st.; R. S., E. P. Myrick, 1246 Penn st.; K. C., Mo.; F. S., J. J. Saxe, 1501 Penn st., K. C., Mo.

No. 3, St. Louis, Mo.—Meets every Thursday at 604 Market st. Pres., W. M. McCoy, 16 S. 17th st.; R. S., J. O'Brien, 1011 N. Leffingwell av.; F. S., Frank Pierpont, 3323 Manchester av.

No. 4, New Orleans, La.—Meets every Wednesday evening at Carondelet and Perdido sts. Pres., C. D. Hart, 928 Common st.; F. S., George E. Wells, 724 Camp st.; R. S., Chas. E. Moore, 1326 South Rampart st.

No. 5, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Meets every Friday night at E. of L. Hall, 432 Wood st. Pres., J. M. Reiff, 128 Main st., Allegheny; R. S., Frank Lunney, 301 Robinson st., Allegheny; F. S., F. G. Randolph, 805 Walnut st., Station D, Pittsburgh.

No. 6, San Francisco, Cal.—Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays at Foresters' Hall, 20 Eddy st. Pres., I. J. Cameron, 283 Clementina st.; R. S., A. A. Whitfield, 632 Natoma st.; F. S., R. P. Gale, 128 Fern ave.

No. 7, Springfield, Mass.—Meets every Wednesday at room 14 Barnes Bldg. Pres., G. T. McIlvray, 50 Besse Pl.; R. S., T. J. Lynch, Chicopee Falls, Mass.; F. S., M. Farrell, 59 Broad st.

No. 8, Toledo, O.—Meets every Monday at Friendship Hall. Pres., C. E. Marryott, 2030 Hewey st.; R. S., R. E. Miller, 44 Micks st.; F. S., F. M. Gensbecher, 775 Colburn st.

No. 9, Chicago, Ill.—Meets every Saturday at 83 Madison st., Hall 6. Pres., Henry Cullen, 53 Aberdeen st.; R. S., J. E. Poling, 5807 Union ave.; F. S., Joseph Driscoll, 77 Fuller st.

No. 10, Indianapolis, Ind.—Meets every Monday at Mozart Hall, 39 S. 10th st. Pres., John Berry, care hdqrs. Fire Dept.; R. S., Geo. K. Beecher, 813 N. Senate av.; F. S., C. J. Langford, 801 West Pratt st.

No. 12, Greater New York—Pres., W. W. Vaughan, 9 Nassau st., Brooklyn; R. S., Chas. L. Rogers, 1341 Kosciuszko st., Brooklyn; F. S., F. G. Orr, 334 First st., Brooklyn.

No. 17, Detroit, Mich.—Meets every Tuesday night at No. 9 Cadillac sq. Pres., R. Scanlan, 185 Townsend av.; R. S., G. H. Brown, 20 Chester av.; F. S., Thomas H. Forbes, 447 Avery ave.

No. 18, Kansas City, Mo.—Meets every Friday night, Labor Hdqrs., 1117 Walnut st. Pres., H. Waterous, 935 Osage ave., K. C., Kan.; R. S., F. J. Schadel, 612 Wall st., K. C., Mo.; F. S., C. F. Drellinger, 613 Delaware st., K. C., Mo.

No. 19, Atchison, Kan.—Pres., F. J. Roth, 906 N. Tenth st.; R. S., H. G. Wickersham, F. S., R. E. Easton, 600 Condit st.

No. 22, Omaha, Neb.—Meets every Wednesday at Labor Temple, 17th & Douglas sts. Pres., W. P. Leedom, 2020 Grave st.; R. S., J. F. Simpson, 3519 W. Farnum st.; F. S., M. J. Curran, 617 S. 16th st.

No. 23, St. Paul, Minn.—Pres., J. H. Roadhouse, 150 Sherburne av.; R. S., W. E. Tubbesing, 497 Martin st.; F. S., A. H. Garrett, 175 Richmond st.

No. 24, Minneapolis, Minn.—Pres., O. E. Shortall, R. S., W. I. Heywood, 16 E. 26th st.; F. S., P. H. C. Wood, 2731 Tremont av. S.

No. 25, Louisville, Ky.—Meets first and third Thursdays of each month. Pres., E. Cook, R. S., John C. Dieble, 418 15th st.; F. S., H. Kincaid.

No. 26, Washington, D. C.—Meets every Saturday at 1244 Penn av. Pres., John Hoffecker, 1207 N. Carolina av. S. E.; R. S., J. C. O'Connell, 930 E. st., N. W.; F. S., G. A. Malone, 481 1st st., N. W.

No. 27, Baltimore, Md.—Meets every Monday at Hall, cor. Fayette and Park avs. Pres., W. I. Harwood, 1753 Thomas ave.; R. S., W. W. Davis, 529 W. Mount st.; F. S., P. M. Russell, 1408 Ais- guth st.

No. 30, Cincinnati, O.—Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 135 E. Court st. Pres., Wm. Williams, 115 Broadway; R. S., Wm. Price, 1025 Celestial st., Mt. Auburn City; F. S., Geo. K. Hildebrand, 403 E. 3rd st., Cincinnati Ohio.

No. 37, Anacosta, Mont.—Pres., Thos. Dwyer, care Elect. Light Co.; R. S., J. F. Reed —; F. S., Chas. McDonald, Carroll, Mont.

No. 32, Lima, O.—Pres., O. G. Snyder, 812 High st.; R. S., W. C. Holmes, 119 Harrison ave.; Lima, Ohio; F. S., C. L. Wheaton, 222 N. Elizabeth st.

No. 35, Boston, Mass.—Meets every Wednesday at 49 Bennett st. Pres., T. R. Melville, 21 Moulton st., Charlestown, Mass.; R. S., J. B. Jeffers, 27 McLean st.; F. S., W. C. Woodward, 10 Church st.

No. 36, Sacramento, Cal.—Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at Foresters' Hall. Pres., Chas. M. Durkee, 624 G st.; R. S., William F. Morley, 574 K st.; F. S., W. H. Atkinson, 1065 7th st.

No. 37, Hartford, Conn.—Meets every Wednesday at 605 Main st. Pres., W. H. Crawley, 23 Spring st.; R. S., M. P. Sullivan, 177 Asylum st.; F. S., J. J. Tracy, 58 Temple st.

No. 38, Cleveland, O.—Meets every Wednesday night at 136 Ontario st. Pres., Geo. H. Gleason, 1121 St. Clair st.; R. S., R. M. Ross, 59 Colgate st.; F. S., A. Herron, 4 Wallace st.

No. 40, St. Joseph, Mo.—Meets every Thursday night at Brokaw Hall, 1th and Locust sts. Pres., Wm. T. Wise, 710 S. 17th st.; R. S., Wm. S. Dorsel, St. R'y Co.; F. S., Ed. McCarty, City Elec. L. Co.

No. 41, Buffalo, N. Y.—Meets every Wednesday at Council Hall. Pres., Wm. A. Breeze, 331 Vermont st.; R. S., J. O'Connell, 614 Fargo av.; F. S., Abe Hussey, 598 Fargo av.

No. 42, Utica, N. Y.—Meets every Tuesday at 132 Genesee st. Pres., W. T. Carter, 68 Neilson st.; R. S., G. O. Carter, 26 Elm st.; F. S., F. Dana- her, 210 Blaudina st.

No. 43, Syracuse, N. Y.—Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at McCarthy's Hall, Market st., opp. City Hall. Pres., A. Donovan, 310 Niagara st.; R. S., F. N. Stiles, 734 E. R. R. st.; F. S., Wm. H. Gough, 108 Hawthorne st.

No. 44, Rochester, N. Y.—Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays at Odd Fellows' Hall, State st. Pres., J. P. Wolff, 6 Cedar st.; R. S., A. L. Denniston, 14 Baldwin st.; F. S., Fred Martin, 50 Champlain st.

No. 45, Buffalo, N. Y.—Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at Council Hall. Pres., F. Devlin, 711 Virginia st.; R. S., J. Dingbaum; F. S., M. E. Stable, 46 Kail st.

No. 46, Lowell, Mass.—Meets every Thursday at 202 Merrimack st., 2d floor, room 5. Pres., Herbert L. Whitney, 5 Puffer av.; R. S., Jas. Barrett, 17 First st.; F. S., H. F. Harding, 38 E. Pine st.

No. 47, Sioux City, Ia.—Pres., J. J. Sullivan, 1701 Center st.; R. S., A. Shortley, 1665 4th st.; F. S., R. H. Greer, 261 11th st.

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No. 55, Des Moines, Ia.—Meets every Thurs- day night at Trades Assembly Hall. Pres., J. Fitz- gerald, 1924 51st st.; R. S., G. C. Ford, 715 Scott st.; F. S., M. O. Tracey, 212 Raceon st.

No. 56, Erie, Pa.—Meets 1st and 3d Wednes- days. Pres., P. Jacobs, 161 East 7th st.; R. S., L. E. Carson, 303 French st.; F. S., J. F. St. Clair, 711 French st.

No. 57, Salt Lake City, Utah—Pres., J. R. Blair, 228 S. 2nd East st.; R. S., J. Haggson, Utah Power House; F. S., A. W. Scott, Valley House.

No. 60, San Antonio, Tex.—Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at S. p. m., in Painters' Hall, 151 Soldud st. Pres., Martin Wright, 114 Komana st.; R. S., A. C. Lamm, 110 Nebraska st.; F. S., Chas. E. McNe- mar, 815 Av. D.

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No. 63, Warren, Pa.—Meets 1st and 3d Wednes- days at D. O. H. Hall, cor. 2d and Liberty sts. Pres., F. W. Lesser, Liberty M. R. S., R. Y. Eden, Kevere House; F. S., N. H. Spencer, Rogers Bldg.

No. 65, Butte, Mont.—Meets 2d and 4th Fridays in Good Tempers' Hall. Pres., Jas. Davidson, 119 Owsley Bldg.; R. S., W. C. Medhurst, P. O. Box 846; F. S., E. M. DeMers, P. O. Box 846.

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No. 67, Quincy, Ill.—Meets 2d and 4th Wednes- days at Trades Assembly Hall, S. 8th st. Pres., J. H. Nessler, 525 Maldeu Lane st.; J. M. Redmond, 825 Jersey st.; F. S., C. H. McNamee, 511 S. 7th st.

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No. 69, Dallas, Tex.—Meets every Tuesday evening at Labor Hall. Pres., P. F. Barnes, 147 Akark st.; R. S., C. E. Boston, 438 Main st.; F. S., C. T. Wheeler, 438 Main st.

No. 70, Cripple Creek, Col.—Pres., J. H. Lovell, care Telephone Co.; R. S., Joseph C. Hicks, Cripple Creek; F. S., John T. Walters, Cripple Creek.

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No. 72, Waco, Tex.—Meets every Saturday night at Labor Hall. Pres., J. E. Caple, 1018 N. 7th st.; R. S., G. R. Lockhart, 931 South 6th st.; F. S., Joseph Hedges, 728 S. 6th st.

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No. 76, Tacoma, Wash.—Pres., Wm. Kane, 1136 D st.; R. S., W. J. Love, 113 10th st.; F. S., Jas. Murray, 1118 D st.

No. 77, Seattle, Wash.—Pres., J. G. Maitland, 231 Pontius av.; R. S., S. Curkeeb; F. S., J. J. Jan- kius, 1319 14th av.

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